



No. 209.—Vol. XVII.

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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MDLLE. LITINI AS PIERROT AND SIGNOR ROSSI AS POCHINET IN "A PIERROT'S LIFE,"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I have pangs of contrition over Mr. Grant Allen's "Paris," the first of a series of "historical guides," published by Mr. Grant Richards. Would that nephews always proclaimed the accomplishments of their uncles in this spirited fashion! Mr. Grant Allen proposes to handle all the great towns of Europe on this model, sketching their origin and growth, and setting forth their artistic and antiquarian interest. His "Paris" is certainly an admirable example of what a purely æsthetic hand-book should be, for it is clearly arranged, and written with that ease and intimacy which are born of sympathy and knowledge. My contrition is due to the lamentable circumstance that my sojourns in Paris are concerned very little with the ancient monuments chronicled by Mr. Grant Allen. The incorrigible *boulevardier* who buys his frivolous journals at a kiosk, and sits down to read them at a café, may well weep as he turns Mr. Grant Allen's pages, and bethinks him how imperfect is his own acquaintance with all this delightful lore. Time was when I used to visit the Louvre. All I remember of it is an enchanting Botticelli, which I came upon by accident at the head of a back stair. I thought of it the other day in Milan, when I saw Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," or what remains of that work—a poor, mechanical thing, as it seemed to me, compared to which the Botticelli is a dream of exquisite colour and grace. I have also visited the Musée de Cluny, and recall nothing save a peculiar instrument which quaintly illustrates a certain mediæval custom, not to be described even in the most delicate circumlocution.

The glamour of old Paris, skilfully suggested by Mr. Grant Allen, comes upon any man who rambles about the streets; but the hungry voyager from Italy, as his train enters the Gare de l'Est, is not thinking of antiquities. He is hugging the delicious idea that, after horrid meals in the land of macaroni, he is going to have something good to eat. I hope Mr. Grant Allen will pardon this culpable weakness. There are no seductive savours of famous Paris restaurants in his volume. He is an august Pharaoh who knows not Joseph—Joseph of the Rue de Marivaud, of cunning dishes and incredible sauces. I was taken to Joseph's by a friend who, if he were so minded, might compile an astonishing hand-book of Parisian cookery. He was touched by my famished aspect, and listened with horror to my tales of sausage-meat and lamp-oil in Italian cities. Joseph, he said, should give us a dinner which would make that experience vanish like a nightmare. So we hied us to the Rue de Marivaud, and there I beheld a sight which will haunt me as the vision of the Seventh Heaven haunted Mahomet.

It was a bird which appeared on a silver dish, and was reverently laid upon an altar of lamps. Then the chief priest, a man with a shining crown fringed by silver locks, summoned his assistants in the white aprons of their sacred office. One of them cut a slice from the bird, and lo! it was quite raw; but, quick as thought, the legs were despatched to be grilled at some pious flame elsewhere, while the breast was carved, and the interior was dressed, and a sauce, into which, ever and anon, the high priest shed a few drops of champagne, was evolved in all its piquancy and fragrance before my eyes! Never shall I forget that rite. At the crucial moment, some demon (from a British kitchen, no doubt) whispered in my ear, "Potatoes." I repeated the word, and it fell upon the sublime circle like a blast from Tophet. The younger priests turned pale, and looked at me as if I were a thrice-accursed heretic; but their pontifical head smiled indulgently, and explained that potatoes with such a dish as that would rob it of its virtue, and poison its aroma, and make my palate like that of the dull ox which chews the grass of the field. I was grateful for this clemency, for I deserved to be dragged to some vault of torture, and roasted on a gridiron like St. Lawrence, but without his saving grace of piety.

When the bird was eaten with all the relish of salvation, to say naught of other dishes almost as divine, we repaired to another place of entertainment, which you will not find in Mr. Grant Allen's "Paris." Here was set before us the fable of a prince whose forefathers had consumed so much love that none was left for him. So he wandered through the world trying to find a woman who could make his heart beat. Very doleful indeed were some of his adventures. One lady let her hair down to fascinate him, and had recourse to further blandishments, which caused him to clutch at his obstinate heart, and wonder

why it remained so stony. Another appeal was made to him in the "trying on" department of a fashionable dressmaker's. Beset by a multitude of charmers, he might have agreed with the philosophic dame in Ibsen's new play, that, even when you have chosen a partner in love, it is always well to make a thoughtful provision of "someone to fall back upon." Still, the princely heart did not beat; and when a commotion in that organ was caused at last by an ambassador's wife, she disclaimed any desire to keep up the agitation; and I was left to infer, from the appearance of several ladies, attired like "living pictures," as classic representatives of love in general, that the newly animated heart would go bounding among them with impartial agility. Such are the morals of the higher frivolity!

"The morals of the higher rascality" is one of the expressive phrases in Mr. William Archer's translation of "John Gabriel Borkman." Ibsen owes much to his own or his translator's capacity for phrase-making. How they haunt the fancy, these felicities in words—"harps in the air," "the younger generation knocking at the door," "vine-leaves in his hair," Hedda's entreaty to Lovborg, when she eggs him on to suicide—to "do it beautifully," "the crutch is floating," and Mrs. Borkman's description of her husband, tramping like a caged beast in the room over her head, as the "sick wolf"! Yet, somehow, these illuminating phrases are often set in wastes of colloquial verbiage. The idea of Borkman's ruin and undaunted egotism is impressive; so is the devotion of the woman he deserted; so is the idea of his wife that their son shall redeem the family honour. The son prefers to go off with a divorced woman seven years his senior, and a girl of fifteen as "someone to fall back upon"; and in reply to remonstrance, he persists in reiterating, "I am young; I want to live, to live, to live!" Then the father goes out into a snow-storm and dies; and what ought to be tragic hovers perilously near bathos. It is this constant proximity of the ludicrous which keeps a reasonable admirer of Ibsen on tenterhooks. When Erhart assures us that he is young and wants to live in this curious *ménage à trois*, which goes off in a sleigh, first running over a foolish old gentleman, the father of the girl Erhart is to "fall back upon," the powerful effect of some earlier scenes is undone, and I can scarcely refrain from laughter. This young man, who needs a sleigh-load of mistresses to satisfy his will to live, contributes no more to the dramatic gravity of the play than would the prince whose heart was such an unconscionably long time in beating.

They are at it again—the reviewed complaining of the reviewers! One novelist, a clever lady, not eminently distinguished for balance of mind, avers that the critics are dishonest as well as incompetent. Mr. Manville Fenn takes us to task for criticising novels without due regard to the class of readers for which they are written, and the kind of magazine in which they may have first appeared in serial form. What these considerations have to do with the art of fiction is not, I confess, very clear to me. In a Blue Book on the adulteration of food, I found the suggestive story of certain margarine-vendors, who said that many customers wanted to buy margarine, but have it supposed by their neighbours that they were buying butter. The authorities were modestly solicited to forego, in such delicate cases, the injunction that margarine must be labelled as such. When the novelist who sells margarine expects the critics to label it as butter, because his readers believe it to be quite as good, I fear we cannot comply with this ingenuous request.

In *Blackwood's* there is an article on this subject by Professor Saintsbury, who writes from the resources of an experience not easily to be matched. He says frankly that there may be more reviewing nowadays than is expedient, and that the number of "qualified reviewers can never be large." He discusses in a wise and kindly spirit the qualifications which go to the making of a good reviewer. But one of Mr. Saintsbury's canons takes me aback. He declares that to make a new book, in a review which introduces it to the reader, "a peg for the reviewer's own reflections," is "improper, impertinent, and very nearly impudent." What Mr. Saintsbury appears to mean—for his meaning is rather obscured by his vehemence—is that the reviewer, in such a case, is defrauding the author by luring the reader away from the book. It is like keeping a horse, says Mr. Saintsbury, at the author's expense, and using him for the pleasure of the critic and "the reader only." I am thinking how often I have been "very nearly impudent" in endeavouring to entertain the readers of this page; but I strive to cheer myself by the reflection that, when this happens, the horse, whatever his merits, is my own, and that the author's nag chances to be his stable-companion.

THE COURT OF COLUMBIA.

The Court of Columbia assembled at Washington for the last season of the Cleveland reign with the President's reception on New Year's Day. There is nothing more deliciously representative of the inconsistencies of the boasted American democracy than this "at home" of Uncle Sam.

Rank in our American aristocracy is determined by one of three things—your purse, your "pull," your nerve. Accordingly, out of respect to the first, in approaching the White House on New Year's Day, one entrance is guarded by police for the accommodation of carriage guests only, and—a glittering generality of purse-prompted logic concerning social worth and distinction—anybody going to the reception in a carriage is assumed without question to be nothing less than a member of the Diplomatic Corps, the Supreme Court, Congress, or the Army and Navy, all of which bodies are received by the President between eleven and twelve in the morning, an hour before the common herd who come afoot are permitted to so much as step inside the White House grounds.

The White House remains as utterly unimpressive on a fête-day of Columbia as it is necessarily always by reason of its barren style of architecture and its interior appearance, the arrangement and adornment

below the sister of the Secretary of Agriculture, she radiantly received all the guests of the President, not behind the line—dear, no; glory to nerve! she received right in line with the President.

The crowd approaches the President in single file. As your turn arrives, an Army officer shouts your name; the President, with an appearance of cordiality that anybody knowing his natural aversion for humankind realises to be nothing short of heroic, grasps your hand and says, "I wish you a happy New Year." Your name is repeated by another officer, and Mrs. Cleveland, never anything so much as always the true woman, with a firm, warm, individual clasp of your hand, a smile and expression of her gentle, winning face that makes her seem for the instant personally interested in you alone of all the world, wishes you a happy New Year also; and then the wives of the various Cabinet officials, with ability to be gracious as varying as the refinement and character of the several women, shake hands with you, and you emerge from the royal presence of the Court of Columbia, satisfied that you have done your whole social duty as an American citizen. You have exercised your constitutional right to address a number of notable persons who, in the theory of democracy, are no better than you are, yet who, somehow, have given you quite a sense of elation to think that they have actually spoken to you and taken you by the hand. We are not possibly snobs in America,



MRS. CLEVELAND AND LADIES OF THE COURT OF COLUMBIA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT, PHILADELPHIA.

of which are everlastingly reminiscent of the long line of good but commonplace women who have in turn impressed their character upon the house while acting as its mistress. Except that the rooms may be bigger, the chandeliers bigger, and the chairs and couches bigger, and the portraits of Columbia's family adorning the walls also bigger than anything of his own he is accustomed to, there is nothing about the Executive Mansion to make the poorest American feel other than perfectly at home in it. And everyone does feel at home. Each individual, once stepping foot inside, by his manner shows every other individual that he has as good a right there as anybody, not excepting the President; and here our superb American nerve begins to assert itself, triumphing even over those other superb American institutions—wealth and political influence.

The President, on New Year's Day, and at all times when receiving socially, is accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland, and the pair, flanked by the ladies of the Cabinet, stand in what is known as the Blue Room, fortified in the rear by something little less than an army of women and men, who are denominated as assisting "behind the line." To be invited by Mrs. Cleveland to receive with her behind the line—only members of the President's household know the lengths to which men and women will go to secure this honour. They besiege the President for the boon as persistently and with the same tactics employed to secure a place in the Cabinet or a mission to the Court of St. James's. They go personally, they send their friends, and, when everything else fails, they do as I saw one woman do on New Year's Day. By an exercise of pure nerve, and on the assumption of the gentle sex being secure against a knocking-down, this woman, in spite of the expostulations of the officers guarding the doors, pushed her way through to the Blue Room, and, standing just

since we are equal. Still, we may taste the sweets of snobbery, and—blest be our liberties forever!—nobody, not we ourselves, may call the thing by name.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, was first to present his compliments to the President on New Year's Day. The esteem in which a truly great man is held in the hearts of the American people was shown as Sir Julian was passing through the narrow aisle of eager, curious men, women, and children that pressed close to the door of the Blue Room to view the reception as a spectacular performance. He accidentally trod on the toe of a small boy squeezed against his mother, and though the boy bravely smiled while Sir Julian begged his pardon, he then began to cry; whereupon his mother said to him, "I would not cry if I were you, Johnny; it isn't every little boy that can have the British Ambassador step on his toes"; and Johnny being a reasonable child and a true American instantly dried his tears.

Between four thousand and five thousand persons shook hands with President and Mrs. Cleveland on New Year's Day. Immediately after the doors of the White House are closed, the wife of the Vice-President and the wives of the several members of the Cabinet entertain the public. These lesser functions have one feature of greatest interest to the people which receptions at the White House lack. They are what is technically known in Washington society as feeding functions. Here the really mild form anarchy takes in America may be seen fairly instanced. For amid all its opportunities to prey upon the favoured classes, the revolutionary spirit "reckons" and "calculates"; with native Yankee caution, it accommodates all principles to prudence, and halts at any measure of vengeance that will cost it so much as a pain in the stomach.

FLORA M'DONALD THOMPSON.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company opened its musical campaign at the Garrick Theatre on the evening of Monday week, with a performance of "Tannhäuser." Of that particular performance little enough need be said, for, in truth, excellent as the company is on account of a hundred good qualities, the adequate interpretation of Wagner is just a little beyond its powers. To give a serious performance of "Tannhäuser" you require a sumptuousness—if the word may be allowed—which is beyond the resources of this energetic musical society. In fact, the very strength of the company is, in dealing with Wagner, its weakness. That strength was admirably exemplified in Tuesday's performance of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," when Miss Alice Esty and Mr. Brozel undertook the title-roles. Miss Esty's singing of the famous waltz in the first act was powerful and brilliant, if somewhat lacking in delicacy. Mr. Brozel sang a trifle unequally, but responded so readily to all the greater moments of the work that he triumphantly conquered the hearts of his audience. But the true excellence of the company was to be found in the eager and alert chorus, which, especially at the end of the great duel scene, was even brilliant in its unity, its intelligence, and its power. Indeed, delightful as Gounod's work is, its difficulties are just within reach of the Carl Rosa Company. It is gay, fantastic, bright, and not too solid; the interpretation was accordingly distinguished by all these things. Mr. Alec Marsh's Mercutio should also be mentioned for its combined humour and dignity. The orchestra was admirable.

On Wednesday night "La Vivandière," the posthumous opera of M. Godard, was produced for the first time in London. The work has

been mistakenly characterised in many quarters as "frail," "delicate," and "elegant"; it is, as a matter of fact, the work of a clever second-rate composer of ballads. The ballad (whether you call it a berceuse, an idyll, or by any other name) dominates the whole work; in every moment of any emotion every character of the piece trots out a ballad with infinite complacency, and when it is finished the business of the piece goes on for a brief while until the psychological moment recurs. This is not the way to produce genuinely dramatic work, and even Godard's most fervent admirers would scarcely claim such a quality for this composition. Still, it is pretty, it is agreeable, and it does not bore



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

one. Miss Zélie de Lussan was a most successful heroine, and Mr. E. C. Hedmond's impersonation of the somewhat callous hero was an achievement of infinite zest, which well merited all the enthusiastic applause it received. Once again both chorus and orchestra were quite good. So far, certainly, the Carl Rosa Company may be congratulated upon its success. Its one danger lies in overleaping its own limitations.

"The Gay Parisienne," minus Miss Freear and Miss Ada Reeve, celebrated its three hundredth night on Monday. Miss Clara Thropp is now playing the part of Julie Bon-Bon. A native of Washington, she made her theatrical debut, when only three years of age, in a stock company, after which she played children's parts with Joseph Jefferson and John McCullough. She was the Meenie in "Rip Van Winkle," and next played with Kate Claxton in "Pique" and "Divorce." Later she tried comic opera with Edwin Thorne, but her first great success was made with Neil Burgess in "The Country Fair," in which she created the part of Taggs. Her next move was to the leading parts in farcical comedy, after which she starred for a short season before creating a part in "Love's Extract," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Her next engagement was with Tim Murphy in "Lem Kettle," and she was the original of a very bright part in "Rush City." Her last American success was in "A Bowery Girl." She has been in London only a few weeks. Miss Thropp also has great taste and talent for literature, and has written "A Few Little Lives" and a play which she intends to produce before very long.

I am informed on good authority that Miss Olga Nethersole, who is now fulfilling her third consecutive "starring" tour in the United States, will, at its conclusion, return to this country, in order that arrangements may be made for her to play in London for a period of years. One or two commissions for plays for her use have already

been given, and she contemplates an important Shaksperian production after she has become somewhat established in London.

Her management in London (says my informant) will begin some time towards the end of 1897, as a tour of the provinces of England, commencing in August, has already been booked for her. Miss Nethersole's determination to remain in London, and, for a time, to abstain from visiting the United States, is not from any diminution of her popularity, which is evidenced more than ever this season. The incessant travelling in America is of a most wearying nature, and her physicians have warned her that she will be wise to give it up for a few years. Mr. Hatton's play, "A Daughter of France," has "caught on" big. Just exactly which theatre in London Miss Nethersole will have has not yet been settled. Miss Nethersole returns to England at the end of April, and it is possible that she will have a short summer season in London, when "Denise" will surely be one of the attractions presented.

The other day I gave a portrait of Mr. Yorke Stephens, and now I give that of his wife, Miss Helen Leyton, who is just off again on a second tour

with "The Prisoner of Zenda," as Antoinette de Mauban. A Londoner by birth, she is often accused of being an American, yet the only time she has been off her native heath was the two years spent with the Daly Company in New York. She was married while still a mere child, and only a few years later decided to adopt the stage professionally, and in 1880 made her debut in the Chatham pantomime of "The Sleeping Beauty," under Miss Sarah Thorne's management. Then she joined Miss Jennie Lee, to play Esther Summerson in "Jo," both at the Olympic and on tour, after which she remained in the provinces for some time, and then went to the United States. On her return, in 1886, she was at once secured to create the part of Agnes Ralston in "Jim the Penman" at the Haymarket, and she has since

made notable successes as Nan in "Good for Nothing," in "The Skeleton," "The Barrister," "The Wave of War," at the Olympic, Comedy, Terry's, and the Vaudeville. In "To the Death," Mr. Rutland Barrington's version of "Mr. Barnes of New York," produced at the Olympic, Miss Leyton created the part of Enid Anstruther, retaining the rôle when the piece went into the evening bill. In "The Paper Chase," revived at Toole's by Lionel Brough, she was the Mrs. Baskerville; in "The Real Case of Hide and Sekyll," she was the page-boy Ewart, and then the Sophie Orme in "The Monk's Room," at the Globe, as well as May in "The Telegram."

Afterwards she joined Miss Cissy Grahame's



MISS HELEN LEYTON.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

company at Terry's, playing in "New Lamps for Old," "The Parting of the Ways," "For Her Child's Sake," and "The Judge," while in "Bartonmere Towers," produced at the Savoy in 1893, she was a delightful Gertie Cunyngham, and, later on, Kitty in "The County Councillor" and 2222 in "The Babbie Shop." Mrs. Stephens is devoted to all sorts of sports, being a good cyclist and a "mother" to three very *chic* fox-terriers, who rejoice with her that the new railway has not deprived her pretty home in St. John's Wood of its tennis-court, even though it has made a dreary waste of the surrounding neighbourhood.



MISS CLARA THROPP.
Photo by Morrison, Chicago.



FRIEND OF THE FAMILY (*to young widow who is inconsolable, and talks of giving up the world and going to bury herself in a convent*): But don't you think, my dear, it is very foolish for a pretty woman like yourself to think of abandoning the world at the age of thirty?

YOUNG WIDOW (*correcting*): Twenty-nine!

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MR. EDWARD CLODD ON EVOLUTION.*

Evolution is a donkey that nearly everybody drives to market nowadays. No beast in recent years has been so overdriven, so overridden, and so overburdened as this poor "moke"; none has become a more fit subject for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty. Never was there a beast in such demand; dabblers in science of all forms and colours clutch eagerly at him from withers to croup, and cling to him for all they are worth, expecting to be landed in that peaceful region where only perfect truth holds sway. Even ecclesiastics may hope, at least, to find a few hairs on the tail at their service, or even, with surplice flying in the wind, find themselves fairly astride the beast. At any rate, it is with such an impression one comes away from a perusal of Mr. Clodd's book on "The Pioneers of Evolution." His object in writing this book, if I understand him correctly, is to demonstrate that it has taken the human efforts of 4600 years to capture, break in, and discover the capabilities of this beast of burden, and to groom the poor brute down a bit and show the real colour of his skin to his newly found theological friends.

In "Pioneers of Evolution" Mr. Clodd has used his wide knowledge of the literature of the ancients and his unimpeachably accurate acquaintance with the views of men of science of the present day, to trace the origin and development of the idea of evolution, the idea that the earth and its contents are the productions, not of supernatural, but of natural forces, which are still visible in their operations around us. He shows that there are to be found in the writings of a dozen Grecian philosophers, and especially in the poems of that great Roman, Lucretius, nearly all the deductions that go to make up the theory of evolution as enunciated by Darwin—"survival of the fittest," "development of one form from another," "the production of the lower forms before the higher, culminating in the highest form of all—man." Having traced the origin of the evolution idea to Ionia, Mr. Clodd proceeds to show how it was repressed by the Church until about the time of the Reformation, when a gradual renaissance set in, and culminated in our own time by the appearance of Darwin, Wallace, Spencer, and Huxley.

To the forty or fifty men in ancient and modern times, Greeks, Latins, and Moderns, whom Mr. Clodd cites as Pioneer Evolutionists, most men would apply the name of Pioneer Materialists. Of their many and great diverse qualities, they had only one character in common—namely, a belief that all matters mundane ran on of themselves and were uninfluenced by any face that smiled or frowned behind the clouds. That is the leading idea which Mr. Clodd inculcates throughout his book, and which, I dare think, is a healthy enough belief for any man to take out with him to a day's work, but it does not make him an evolutionist. The ancients, nay even the moderns down to the present century, had hardly a glimmering of how the earth and things thereon came to be constituted as they now are, and none of the great modern naturalists have ever, in the very slightest way, acknowledged any hint or help from any man beyond the present century. The pioneer efforts of the ancients did not help Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, and Huxley one whit. Mr. Clodd lays the heavy, and perhaps just, charge on the Church of smothering and arresting the development of the theory of evolution for high eighteen hundred years; it certainly has been antagonistic to all scientific efforts that discovered facts that did not fit in with the orthodox theory of creation; but science can flourish only where there is plenty of spare money and spare time, and these conditions have not often been found in Europe until modern times, so that, on the whole, Mr. Clodd's charge is not well founded. The ancients, as far as they were biologists, were, for the greater part, easy-chair dreamers, endless spinners of theories, but loth to undertake the laborious and irksome task of discovering and collecting facts. Nowadays all that has changed. Of the numerous men I meet at scientific societies, zoological, botanical, chemical, anthropological, &c., nearly all are constantly on the hunt for facts—pure collectors for collecting sake; a few are dreamers only.

Mr. Clodd is one of our leading authorities on folk-lore, and perhaps his peculiar line of research has helped to retain his juvenile and hopeful spirit. To most men and to some women, on the eve of their third decade, comes that glorious period when space is discovered to be boundless, time limitless, and only physical laws dominant in the universe, and they believe then that in a few years all the world will share their belief and become sceptics and agnostics, believing only in evolution. Mr. Clodd is one of those that have been fortunate enough to go on so believing; but most women by marriage-time, and most men by their fourth decade, have come to see that, after all, human intellect has little to do with beliefs, but that the busy, moiling world clings not to what it conceives to be true, but conceives to be true what it likes.

"The Pioneers of Evolution" deserves to be read, but it is not the kind of book that is popular at present. For an able and widely informed scientist, who is an adept at expression and subtle reasoning, there is a fortune itching in the pockets of the British public if he will only perjure himself somewhat and assure them, in good, set, and readable terms, that the whole tendency of modern science goes to assure and guarantee the truth of religion. Books like those of Professor Drummond and Marie Corelli give all the assurance necessary, and are highly popular, but, unfortunately for them, the public rightly doubts their authority as being final in matters scientific. Nobody, probably, understands this matter better than Mr. Clodd, and nobody will be less surprised than he when it is found that his "hammer-and-tongs" method of onslaught on ecclesiastics as anti-evolutionists sadly militates against the popularity of his book.

* "Pioneers of Evolution, from Thales to Huxley; With an Intermediate Chapter on the Causes of Arrest of the Movement." By Edward Clodd. London: Grant Richards.

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CROMWELL AND FORGET-ME-NOT.



POUDRE.



PIERRETTE AND PIERROT.



SPRING, WINTER, AND SUMMER.



FANCY BALLS.



"EAST BORN," BEACHY HEAD, AND NORWEGIAN.

CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL AT EASTBOURNE.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED A. BOURNE, EASTBOURNE.



"THE QUEEN OF HEARTS," AT FOLKESTONE.
PHOTOGRAPH BY LAMBERT WESTON AND SON, FOLKESTONE AND DOVER.

Hindhead continues to attract the literary fraternity. Dr. Conan Doyle is now having a pretty house built at the end of the valley which stretches towards Haslemere, and will probably take up residence there during the coming spring. Of course, Mr. Grant Allen is still among the hilltops, and Hindhead is becoming quite fashionable as a summer resort. I notice that building is going on in all directions, and that there are indications of small shops. At present Hindhead itself does not

even boast a village, and one has to go to Grayshott to send a telegram. Of late years the boom in the district, inaugurated by the late Professor Tyndall, has led enterprising people to speculate in land, with the result that rents are rising at a prodigious rate. Yet, so long as the railway remains at the bottom of the hills, two or three miles away, there can be no very alarming development of this beautiful place, and at the moment there is a dearth of bricks, and builders are in despair.

I am surprised to see how seldom the latter-day humorists have gone to the railway-train as a fount of inspiration. No observant man can watch proceedings in a third-class carriage on Saturday night and a suburban line without feeling better able to grind out his weekly cartload of paragraphs. Even the short-story writer

will find material for many an interesting tale. But, for these things, only the combination of Saturday night and a third-class compartment in the last train from London to the suburbs will suffice. Then the native humour of the people is developed, there the carriage built for ten travellers admits fifteen, and nobody complains very much. One of the long "thirds" of our southern railways, designed for fifty travellers, carries seventy, most of them from theatres or music-halls, in the best of natural spirits, and outside a quantity of distilled ditto that may or may not be of the best. A week or more ago, I went to Leyton by a last Saturday night train, and selected a corner seat in a big third-class carriage. We left Liverpool Street with the proper complement of passengers. Opposite to me sat four uproarious youths who had come from the London Music Hall, in Shoreditch. At the first or second station a party of people brought a young girl to the carriage, put her in, and left her to take her chance. The four youths sat silent and studied their boots. I gave the girl my seat. At the next station a very corpulent old lady also intruded; nobody was disposed to give up a seat; she was angry, uncomfortable, and evidently no teetotaler. Having nobody to abuse, she turned on me, calling my attention to the fact that the compartment was for ten, and I had made an eleventh, thus bringing about her "scrouding." The young lady who had my seat looked up appealingly, the four youths burst out into a hilarious song with chorus, "And we all went 'ome in the mornin' with the cock-a-doodle-doo." I remained silent, to the great disgust of the dear old lady, who became so personal that I was compelled to seek another part of the train at the next station. Should a man be polite?

Again, on the evening of the recent snow-storm I travelled a few miles into the country, and had for sole company in the carriage an old gentleman with prim and prosperous look and a fur-lined coat. He was reading the *Times* when I invaded the carriage, and soon entered into conversation with me. As I was not having any politics, he pulled down the window and discussed the weather. I objected to snow; he liked it, talked about Christmas-time at his place in the country, the delight of the entire village, the snow-men made by the schoolboys, "jolly young rascals," and cheerily added that he liked to see them enjoy themselves. The train was going slowly—as is its wont; there were banks on each side forming boundaries to gardens, and from one of these banks some marksman unknown took a shot at a venture, and the benevolent gentleman was called upon at short notice to play Ahab to the shot, which knocked the *Times* out of his hand and covered him with snow. As though by magic, my companion's mood turned. The jolly young rascals changed instantly to condemned young scamps, "the gentle pastime" of snowballing became reprehensible and dangerous, and at the next station the good old English gentleman made a formal complaint to the guard, and declared his intention of writing to the directors of the company. When we moved off again, he remarked that the air was chilly and put the window up. Then we talked about Röntgen rays and the Benin Expedition.

Considerable excitement has lately been created in New York theatrical and journalistic circles by the attitude adopted by Mr. Daniel Frohman, the well-known manager, towards a writer called "Alan Dale," who has long posed as an authority on theatrical matters. Mr. Dale, whose remarks on the drama are mainly characterised by flippancy,

scurrility, and personal assaults, attained his notoriety on Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's *Evening World*. When Mr. W. H. Hearst, with his own and his mother's millions to back him, took over the *Morning Journal*, it was with the intention of out-Pulitzerising Pulitzer, an ambition which he speedily attained. One of the young proprietor's tactics consisted of going boldly into the enemy's camp, and, by the offer of a temptingly liberal salary, he succeeded in drawing "Alan Dale" into his own ranks. Then, by dint of advertising his acquisition all over the city on programmes and posters, as the "great theatrical critic," he set Mr. Dale on a pedestal which has been rather roughly shaken by Mr. Frohman's refusal to allow this abusive writer within the walls of his theatre. It would be well, in their own interests, if London managers would follow Mr. Frohman's courageous example should "Alan Dale" honour us with another visit this summer. The columns of abuse which he wrote about our theatres and actors a few months since would amply justify any such proceeding.

Miss Louise Baudet, who was recently singing at the Palace Theatre, is, it seems, one of the few young ladies who have had the courage to test the alleged discovery of a Parisian scientist, for her eyes, which were a light hazel, are now a dark brown! Of course, the colouring of the eye depends on that of the pigments which lie under or within the eyeball, and it is this colouring matter which was modified by the oculist. Such an operation requires great skill and care in the performance, and probably few women, even for "the sacred cause of beauty," would care to run the risk of an accident. It is a very different matter with eyebrows. From time immemorial fair dames have there tried to improve on nature, and one daring beauty, I hear, actually touches her eyebrows with gold paint! Seriously, many women who would blush at the very word "paint" regard a "dark pencil" as an essential toilet-requisite; but art conceals art with no small success, in some cases.

My readers who have been amused, as I have been, by the capital model of a white elephant that Mr. Hawtrey has invented to advertise Mr. Carton's delightful play—which I hope to illustrate fully next week—may be interested to learn how the stage elephant has been constructed that supports not exactly "airy, fairy" Lillian Russell in the second act of "An American Beauty" at the Casino, New York. The "hind-legs" has been giving his experiences to a newspaper man. "Miss Russell, plump and beautiful, weighs about two hundred pounds, so when I felt a sudden increase in the weight on my shoulders I knew that the 'American Beauty' was seated on the back of the elephant." It's horribly dark in the inside of a "prop." elephant, and it's hard work keeping up two hundred pounds while that two hundred pounds sings a song and half-a-dozen encore verses, and Miss Russell is never pleased unless she gets half-a-dozen encores. No wonder that Charlies and Gypsies take to killing people.

So much for the model of an elephant. Let me now return to the subject of elephants that are not model, such as Lord George Sanger's Charlie. I see that Mr. W. B. Harris, the Yankee owner of a man-killing elephant, Gypsy, has been offering it, as an engine of war, to the Cuban insurgents. He says, "It would trample down the ranks of the enemy, afford shelter to the advancing infantry, and, besides, inspire terror in a host of seasoned troopers." As far as I know, the Cubans have not accepted Mr. Harris's offer, so that gentleman proposes to carry out his original intention of electrocuting the brute, as it has become "quite too naughty for anything." Mr. Harris's idea is to insert a wire, charged with three thousand volts of electricity, into the animal's mouth, and he hopes then to see the wicked pachyderm drop in his tracks. This is very clever; the only question that remains to be settled is—Who is to get the wire into Gypsy's mouth? Mr. Harris himself declines to attempt it.

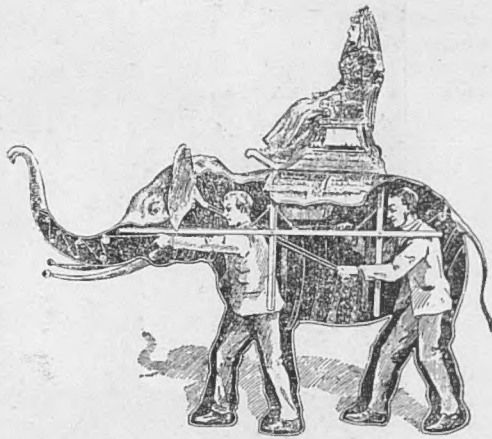
Odd stories have often been told of the chiffonniers of Paris, but even more curious perhaps is the case of Mother Carpio, a female rag-picker, said to be worth 100,000 dollars, who went out to America from her native Italy when she was a girl of twenty, and has for the last five-and-forty years honoured New York by helping to relieve it of unconsidered trifles. Even now this human beast of burden, with back bent by the accumulated weights of countless sacks of rubbish, works some fifteen hours a-day, from two a.m. until five in the afternoon, on the scanty support of two meals, and she is said to have invested carefully all her savings. Under such conditions life would seem scarcely to be worth living, but Mother Carpio keeps on with the old routine of rag-picking year after year, and her lucky heir-presumptive is a young nephew of hers, who will thus come into a handsome fortune when his uncomely, not to say haggish, aunt passes hence.



MR. GRANT ALLEN.



"ALAN DALE."



A STAGE ELEPHANT.

A West Herts correspondent has just discovered that the short-eared owl has the singular and enviable faculty of sleeping with one eye open. The information ought to be correct, as there are ample opportunities for making observations on owls in that quarter. Quite recently a naturalist, well versed in Nature's method of balancing one animal against another, turned loose in West Herts fifty of the short-eared



SHORT-EARED OWL.

Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

species to keep field-voles, mice, and other small vermin of the district in check. Unfortunately, the too assiduous and not too intelligent gamekeeper, even when awake, also keeps an eye shut to the good qualities of "the fatal bellman, which gives the stern'st good-night," but it will not be Sir Herbert Maxwell's blame if "gamie" does not open that eye soon. A year or two ago, when a plague of field-voles overran the South of Scotland, the farmers found the "boding scritch-owl" their best friend. The owls increased at a great rate, and had as good a time as the field-voles had a bad one. The committee appointed to inquire

into that plague found a difficulty in discovering terms strong enough "to condemn the foolish and cruel action of those who allow or encourage the destruction of this useful and beautiful family of birds." In a century or so the owl has changed, in the estimation of the people, from an ill-omened to a most useful and auspicious bird.

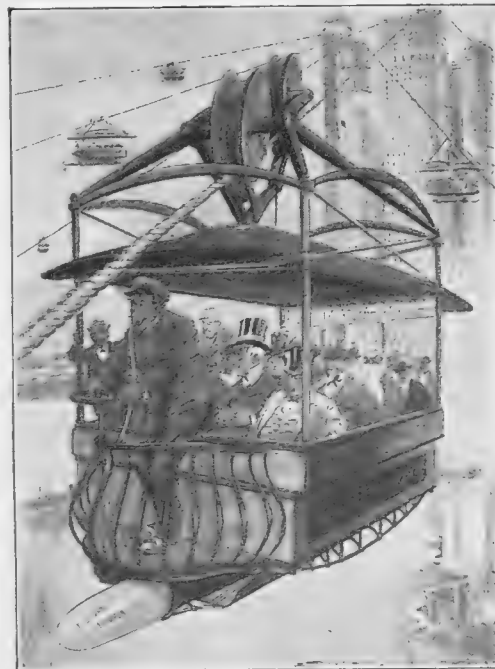
"Castles in the air" is no longer a phrase of little meaning. American architects are realising it every day—so well, too, that if Hamlet were to visit New York (by the way, I do not think the transatlantic Matrimonial Market has secured a Danish prince as yet) he would find—

... our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart!

This transformation of Ossa to a wart is due to the vast collection of "sky-scrapers" that "kiss the stars" in the business centres of the great American towns. These "sky-scrapers" are practically houses of cards. The framework is of steel, and the walls are little more than mere weather-screens. Stone and brick are still used for exterior decoration, but there is no constructional reason, says an American correspondent, why the walls should not be of *papier-maché* or stamped aluminium. Some of these buildings rise to a height of twenty-two, twenty-four, and twenty-five storeys. One now in course of construction will be of thirty-two storeys and over three hundred feet high. The accompanying picture of part of Life Insurance Street, New York, gives a good idea of the modern Towers of Babel, and recalls the story of a certain lift-conductor who announces his arrival at the top or bottom of the shaft by simply crying out "The Sky!" or "The Earth!" It is a question whether these buildings are safe or not. They must be condemned on the ground of danger from fire, and a greater danger—collapse. No instances of collapse have as yet occurred, but steel does not last forever.

Little wonder that fire insurance companies abound in the States as in no other country. Their vitality is amazing, especially in the face of the

vast drain on their revenues made by "fire-bugs," organised gangs of fire-raisers. Only last month one of the most successful "combines" was broken up, and Isaac Zuker, known as "King of the Fire-bugs," sent to prison for thirty-six years. For ten years this man swindled insurance companies, his gang in that time raising over three hundred fires, and collecting £300,000 in fraudulent insurance. Of those fires about 250 were in tenement houses, and the gain from them did not exceed £30,000, yet to procure this sum the lives of 250,000 people were endangered. Zuker's plan for raising fires was to run a chain of tubs of benzine and naphtha through a house, hang bladders of benzine over gas-jets, fix tubs of benzine under the gas-meter—the object being to have the greatest possible amount of fire in the shortest possible space of time—throw a match down and bolt. In about three minutes Tophet "warn't a suckumstance" to the fire that ensued. Fire-brigades generally found nothing but bare walls when they arrived on the scene, and everybody knows how quickly American fire-brigades move. By the way, I see they are going to "move" yet more quickly, for the "automobile fire-truck" is an accomplished fact. It covers the ground in about half the time taken by horses.



A "NEW YORK HERALD" ARTIST'S IDEA OF A SKY-SCRAPER CARRIAGE.

It is strange that America, which has produced some notable sculptors, should be so curiously poor in public monuments and statues. Now, however, New York is clamouring for statuary, and over a million dollars are about to be spent on this form of art. As befits a democracy, there will be free trade in the matter of those honoured by marble recognition. The Dutch colony, to say nothing of the Knickerbocker families, will swell with pride as they contemplate William the Silent. Goethe will remind some newly made Yankees of far-away little Weimar. Edgar Allan Poe will decorate, of all places in the world, a public park. Columbus will not be forgotten, and among latter-day American heroes, philanthropy will be represented by Peter Cooper, finance by Astor, and the armies of the War of Independence and of the North and South struggle by several single figures and groups. It is to be hoped that Mr. Macmonnies will be one of the many American sculptors called on to beautify the capital of the New World.

The death of Sir Isaac Pitman gives a pathetic interest to this letter which Mr. Drummond, of Hetton-le-Hole, writes me—

I am glad your Poet stil employz the Muiz on the speling kwestion. I hope his nervz ar not unduly strung by seeing "Program" in the *Star* and *Chronicle*. If thay ar, he shud take hart from Mr. Austin's revolt at orthodox speling, and from the fact that uthar authorz disregard the prezent absurd method ov speling wurdz. Meit he not take curaij from the fact that both Ser Walter Scott and Carlyle used "program," and that the old dicsioneriz adopted it? If Mr. Massingham wil drop the *b* in *Lamb*, shuirli such a hapi paper az *The Sketch* can hav no objecshon to the sting being taken from *dam* by omiting *n*? Heer iz a "new program" for the Poet, to brais up hiz nervz to the adopsion ov *program*, *lam*, *dam*, and aul uthar silent leterz to be similarli unemployd.

Brooklyn.

Metropolitan.

New York.

Mutual.

Manhattan.

Fidelity and Casualty.

Home Life.



LIFE INSURANCE STREET, NEW YORK.

From the "Insurance Record."

American Surety. Mutual Reserve Fund.

The sensational story that comes from Warsaw of the burial of the Countess Pottocka while yet alive (surely, by the way, there is a picture by Sir Joshua of a beautiful Countess Pottocka, probably an ancestress of the victim) reminds me of a grim tradition of an English Countess who suffered a similar fate in the early part of the century. It was, I remember, one of the creepiest of stories with which my West Country nurse regaled us in the days of long ago. The scene of the tragedy was in the West, and the resurrection of the Countess, unlike that of the lady of Warsaw, was not due to any misgivings on the part of her friends as to her actual demise, but to the cupidity of a servant of the family, to whose knowledge it came that, owing to the swollen state of the noble dame's fingers, she had taken up her position in the family vault adorned with many valuable rings. At dead of night this man (a gardener, I believe) obtained access to the vault, and, having prised open the coffin, set to work on the dead Countess's fingers with a small file. What were his horror and astonishment when, after some ten minutes of this interesting and lucrative occupation, his noble mistress raised herself in her narrow bed and, staring wildly around, ejaculated in a hollow voice the time-honoured words, "Where am I?" The man fled in wildest affright, but not before he had been recognised. The Countess, after undergoing the most agonising terrors, realised her position, and, by help of the dark-lantern which the thief had left, found her way out of the vault and safely home to her terrified but delighted relatives. Her hair was said to have turned snow-white during these terrific experiences. The gardener was not punished, but was treated as an involuntary benefactor, and enjoyed a small pension for his remaining years. The noble family to whom this tradition refers still flourishes in a Western county, but, as my nurse's tale may be nothing but tradition, I refrain from mentioning any names.

I congratulate Mr. Ernest Parke, the editor of the *Star*, on the excellent number with which he celebrated the entrance upon the tenth year of that journal. The *Star* came into existence at the beginning of

January 1887, and, in spite of certain vicissitudes of editorship, it has carried on all its best traditions and retains a number of its early contributors. I understand that a quarter of a million copies of this birthday issue, of which the accompanying poster strikes me as very neat, have been sold. I am rather sorry that the *Star* did not tell the history of its career. This would have made some very lively reading—the story of its foundation, under the editorship of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and of the bright guidance and brilliant leader-writing of Mr. Massingham. It was here that Mr. George Bernard Shaw first made a reputation with his exceedingly amusing musical criticisms, and "A. B. W." wrote, as he still writes, his dramatic critiques, so smart and witty

and full of insight. The recent sale of the *Sun* to Mr. Hooley enables the *Star* to claim that it is the only halfpenny Liberal paper in London evening journalism. With the *Star's* politics I have no manner of concern—does anybody nowadays ask what the politics of a newspaper are? So long as it has A. B. Walkley, Richard Le Gallienne, and a number of other clever men among its contributors, I, at any rate, shall always be one of its regular readers.

Referring to my recent remarks about stage accidents, I am reminded of another that occurred at Daly's Theatre, where, by some mistake, the iron curtain began to fall one night during the performance of "The Gaiety Girl" or "Artist's Model." I can't quite remember which. Hayden Coffin was singing to Miss Lind, when the curtain commenced to descend slowly but surely. The two performers had the stage to themselves; they were out of the reach of harm. Hayden Coffin was by no means devoid of presence of mind: he continued his song. Meanwhile, people were endeavouring to control the iron curtain, without success; it would fall, and at last the singer sank on one knee, so as to keep in sight of the audience. On this occasion, again, the audience grasped the situation and remained quiet, confident that things would go all right in the end. The stage accidents that are designed as tricks upon some unsuspecting member of the company are the most difficult to avoid, and even then presence of mind will save a situation, as the following true small story will show.

When the Gaiety Company was on tour with "Little Miss Esmeralda" some time late in the 'eighties, certain of the principals conspired with the stage-manager to play a trick upon Mr. Charles Dundas Slater, who was in those days touring-manager to Mr. George Edwardes. Accordingly, before the trial scene, they sent for him on the stage, and engaged him in conversation about some prearranged matter, before the curtain drew up. Suddenly, while he was sitting down in ordinary evening-dress, facing the auditorium, the band struck up, the curtain ascended, the conspirators had disappeared, and he was left to look foolish. The amateur would have rushed off the stage, giving the whole show away, but, for once, the tricksters had caught a man who knew his business. He remained on, ushered the jury into their box, and then asked the Judge for permission to retire from the Court. This consent being given, he went off quietly, to the certain astonishment and possible disgust of all

who thought they had caught him fairly. The good people of the town knew very little or nothing about "Little Miss Esmeralda," and probably thought all things permissible in a Gaiety burlesque.

The stories about the Czar's health are typical of much news from the Continent and abroad. In dealing with home news, circumspection and the law of libel make editors very chary of printing extravagant stories; but foreign gossip is irresponsibly reproduced. I often wonder, in fact, how many columns newspapers devote in the course of a year to making statements, and contradictions thereof—

A journal prints a statesman's view,
And, having criticised and kicked it,
To-morrow morn—it's nothing new—
Declares "We're asked to contradict it."
Policemen have been known to find
A "bomb" (and artists to depict it).
A plot, we're told, is in the wind—
For Majendie to contradict it.
"A massacre on Afric's shore,
And how the natives did inflict it!"
We've seen that poster o'er and o'er;
The mails next week will contradict it.
"A hostile march!" the newsboys bawl—
To place or time they don't restrict it;
It's just manoeuvres, after all,
And someone's sure to contradict it.
A gossip hears a player's scheme,
And, having varnished it and tricked it,
Forgetting how the actors dream,
Will print, and promptly contradict it.
A reef of gold is found, perchance,
Advices may not contradict it;
And yet this bubble of finance
Has burst when "pessimists" have pricked it.
Thus wags the world. Why moralise?
You needn't trouble to convict it.
Life gets a zest from each surprise;
So, state your tale; then contradict it.

The rumours with regard to the health of Leo XIII. give some topical interest to the details respecting the holding of the Papal Conclave contained in a work, published in the sixteenth century, on the "Sacred Ceremonies or Ecclesiastical Rites of the Holy Roman Church." Though the editor was Archbishop of Coreyra, the treatise caused great offence to the Master of the Ceremonies of Leo X. (then Pope), and a futile attempt was made to burn the book and its compiler. Some fifty years later the work was reissued at Rome in a gorgeous form, and it is a veritable storehouse for everything relating to the Pope, his election, his utterances, his vestments, and his share in every act performed at religious ceremonies or state functions. The prefatory *tituli* contain a full description of the holding of the Conclave, even the most minute details being laboriously and exhaustively recorded.

In the Papal Palace at St. Peter's were set apart three halls and two chapels for the conferring Cardinals, their attendants, and their guards; and a circumstantial account is given of the various doors leading to and from the solitary means of egress and ingress; of the cubicles, divided by linen or woollen curtains, assigned to the Cardinals till their decision was made; and of the quadruple guards, who were to see that there was not any communication with the outer world. The regulations with regard to bolts, bars, and keys were of a severity that seems applicable rather to prisoners than to Princes of the Church. When safe under lock and key, the Cardinal Bishops, Presbyters, and Deacons had several modes of executing their sacred task. One, resorted to chiefly in the early days of the Church, was by a sort of divine inspiration descending upon one member of the Conclave and prompting him to name the new Pope. Another method, pursued when contending parties could not arrive at a decision, was to place the matter in the hands of a small sub-committee, who so long as a lighted candle lasted had full powers to select and nominate the Pontiff. The third way, and that the most frequently used, was to proceed by scrutiny, or rather, by ballot, each movement, word, and action of the voters being carefully prescribed. Then the chosen Pontiff was attired by his electors and escorted to the Papal Chair, and upon his finger was placed the Fisherman's ring. Meanwhile, one of the Cardinal Deacons appeared at a window, tightly closed while the deliberations had lasted, and proclaimed to the expectant populace, "I bring you tidings of great joy. We have a Pope. The Most Reverend Lord Cardinal — has been chosen Supreme Pontiff, and has taken the name of —." The new Pope's descent down to St. Peter's and his coronation followed in due course.

Miss Marie Newlands is a young Scots lady who gives great promise as a soprano of unquestionably high rank. Possessed of an exceedingly agreeable manner on the platform, she is gifted with a voice of undoubted quality and great compass, and in making her debut on the concert-platform at St. James's Hall the other evening she deservedly won golden opinions from a very large audience. Miss Newlands comes to us from Kilmarnock, where, and subsequently in Glasgow, she has taken a leading part in many important musical and dramatic events. Under the kind direction of the late Sir Joseph Barnby, she entered at the Guildhall as a pupil of Madame Bessie Cox, and was winner in a competition to play principal part in "Princess Ida" by the Guildhall students. By the kindness of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, she became associated with the Savoy Theatre in March last, at the opening of "The Grand Duke," and remained there until November, when she decided to confine her talents to the concert-platform.



MISS MARIE NEWLANDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

The City Fathers of Chicago are waging a furious war on that form of headgear significantly styled the "theatre-hat." Both managers and playgoers should feel a lively gratitude to Alderman Plotke, who seems to have been the first to take practical action in the matter, for owing to his efforts the manager of each Chicago theatre must in future pay a fine on all obstructive headgear, "the wearing of each hat constituting a separate and distinct offence." But it is more easy to make laws than to enforce them. The ladies of Chicago have very clear ideas as to their prerogatives, and they refuse to consider the new law as anything but a joke. On the very first evening the ordinance became law the "theatre-hat" was more in evidence than ever, and, had the law been enforced, the seven managers of Chicago's leading theatres would have been forced to produce between them something like £5000 in fines. In Paris the very phrase "theatre-hat" has a distinct meaning, and implies a dainty stringless



AN OLD FASHION COME TO LIFE.

"capote" or toque warranted not to interfere with the pleasure of those obliged to take a back seat. Occasionally large picture-hats make their appearance in the boxes, but they are not considered good form. I note that the headgear depicted in the accompanying picture has been revived, so the anti-hat folk have a bad time in store.

A whale may be an excellent investment, but is one which should be made with care. Dr. Spencer Simpson, of Bournemouth, has found this the case. A dead whale was brought ashore there, and, being put up at auction, the legal fate of stranded whales, fell to the doctor's bid of twenty-seven pounds. It was a real bargain when you remember that it was the only fresh whale in England; and then think of the latent possibilities in sixty tons of blubber and bone; there is a small fortune in oil, and fame accruing to presentation of the skeleton to the local museum. Unfortunately, the doctor could not realise as quickly as was desirable; I can see him walking round his property at low tide, his pleasure in owning the one whole whale in Britain dashed by qualms concerning its disposal. For a few days he enjoyed the pleasures of unique possession. Then his troubles began. The invalids who throng to Bournemouth objected to the presence of the doctor's whale, and complained to the sanitary authorities. The sanitary authorities served the doctor with an order to remove his whale within forty-eight hours—legal formula may, under given circumstances, possess a touch of ironical humour. As his property was past profitable development by this time, the doctor bowed to the decree of the sanitary authorities, and set them a simple poser—Where would they like him to put his whale? The authorities were equal to the occasion, and, in accordance with their directions, the doctor's property was disposed of in small lots, suitable for fish-feeding purposes five miles out at sea. I anticipate a fall in the market-price of stranded whales on the South Coast.

Is it not time that naturalists reconsidered the place they have assigned the fox in their scheme of classification? There is much more cat than dog in his jumping powers. Last week, a fox in the Lanark and Renfrew country sprang down a thirty-foot precipice and went away at once to beat hounds, as he deserved. Last season, when out with the Grafton one day, a fox which had taken up his quarters in a tree overhanging a steep bank, when routed up, jumped and came down thirty-five feet to earth, to start at once and give us a rattling twenty minutes over grass; he got safely to ground, too, and I frankly confess I was glad of it. One day last season, a friend who had been hunting with a North Country pack told me he saw a run fox, headed while crossing a narrow bridge, leap on the protecting wall and, without the least hesitation, drop into the stream full forty feet below. I am sorry to say this plucky fellow lost his brush within a few fields of the stream. It was very curious to see that Grafton fox in his parachute performance; he slipped off his bough with hooped back, legs at full stretch, and brush flickering like a candle-flame. "There he is!" from fifty mouths made him turn his head in mid-air; if ever fox's expression said, "Not done yet," his did. But that may have been imagination!

I said this jumping faculty was more cat-like than dog-like, but no cat could safely take such leaps as those I have mentioned. I remember once my two terriers baying something in a small tree; I went up to see what it was, and when two-thirds of the way up a fine old poaching tom-cat came by in a hurry. He alighted on his head, and when I shot him in his next tree I found that his muzzle and nose were bruised and bleeding from the fall.

At last the spell has been broken—perhaps by the fogs—and some packs are able to boast of sport. The Quorn had a nice thirty-five minutes from Thrussington Gorse, which was cut short by the return of heavy mist, Lord Lonsdale deeming it wise to whip hounds off. He did not want to risk the experience which befell Mr. Fernies a few days before, when hounds ran clean away and into dense fog, to remain out

until next day. The Cottesmore scored a really remarkable run from the Punch Bowl; eight miles perfectly straight at steeplechase pace to Soddington Redditch, in which covert, it is said, hounds changed, a single one of the pack only sticking to the line of the hunted fox. Pytchley and Grafton experiences may be summed up as "water and fog," without much exaggeration.

The recent dull, wet weather which we have been experiencing has not been confined to our much-abused climate. I hear from friends at Biarritz that they have been indulging in terrible downpours (quite English, you know), but a week ago things took a turn for the better, and the brilliant sunshine in which English folks in that delightful spot generally revel at this time of year has resumed its wonted sway. Biarritz appears to be somewhat empty at present, but a rush of visitors is expected. Further south, however, there appears to be no complaint with regard to the attentions of the Sun God. A young lady friend of mine, who is spending (lucky mortal!) her winter on a beautiful estate near Granada, writes of heat, of flowers, of oranges, of picnics, of blue skies, emerald lakes, cactus-clad rocks, and a sort of general summeriness that awakes the strongest feelings of discontent in my breast. However, I will stick up for my country as far as truth will permit, and declare that a more brilliant day than Sunday week it would be difficult to find. I don't know that this remark applies to our dear, dirty Metropolis, but on the Sussex downs, where I indulged in a ten-mile walk, the brilliant sunshine, the deep-blue sky, and the dazzling powdering of our first snow made the scene as delightful as can be imagined, while the bracing air was worth a month's pay to a jaded Londoner.

Mr. F. Rawson Buckley, who in the *Truth* Doll and Toy Competition carried off a first prize in the Home-Made Toy section for his model of a church, is the well-known actor of the name now playing Marcus Superbus in one of Mr. Ben Greet's "Sign of the Cross" companies.

"Aladdin," at the Theatre Metropole, Camberwell, is a pretty little pantomime which has taken well. There is nothing particularly new in it, though Mr. Harold Vicars' music is certainly far above the average. In the second part of the pantomime Miss Topsy Sinden sings a song



MISS TOPSY SINDEN DEFYING THE TURK, AT THE THEATRE METROPOLE.
Photo by Lasec's, Fitzroy Street, W.

written by Mr. Clement Scott, illustrating the recent Armenian atrocities. Her voice is improving, and she shows she has melodramatic talent of a high order.

Apropos of Armenia, there is a bitter irony about the fatal attack on an Armenian in Bermondsey—

Abdul shall die, and Abdul's victims, free,
Shall come to share our happy hunting-land—
Aye,—as the hunter it is well, maybe;
Scarce as the hunted at assassin's hand.

From St. Moritz, which is very full and very gay, as is its wont at this season of the year, a correspondent sends me some photographs of snow-clad scenes, which will, doubtless, be recognised by all who know the Engadine in its wintry guise. The world and his wife seem to be having a very good time at St. Moritz. Tobogganing, is, of course, far

The names of the actors have escaped me, but let us call them the Baron X. and Mons. Z. At the height of the season these two gentlemen went out one night, each attended by a keeper expert in imitating the peculiar challenge-note of the stag. They took different directions, and, an hour or two after separating, the "call" of Mons. Z.'s



INNFALL VALLEY.



A HILL SCENE.

and away the most important thing in life, but the intervals which can be spared from the toboggan-run seem to be fairly well filled up with skating-parties, tennis-tournaments, concerts, theatricals, and dances. On the toboggan-run, which has ere now been illustrated in these columns, enthusiasts of both sexes have long been in training for the Grand National Races. The ladies of St. Moritz nowadays think nothing of riding their toboggans head-first in true masculine fashion, but at Davos there still lingers a slight prejudice in favour of a sitting attitude. In the "Grand National" two races are accordingly run in the ladies' division, one for head-first riders and the other for sitters, and though the victory is naturally to the more practised St. Moritz rider in the former class, Davos can hold its own in the sitting race.

Sport in the forests of the Austrian Tyrol has some risks of its own peculiar to woodland deer-shooting. I remember hearing of a very curious incident which occurred a couple of years ago, and came within an ace of ending fatally. Stag-shooting on the Continent, differing from ours, begins towards the end of the rutting season, and a favourite method of killing heavy stags is by "calling" at night.

keeper was answered by a stag from a considerable distance. The challenge being repeated and answered again, they worked stealthily through the underwood, the occasional roaring of the stag proving that he also was advancing to meet his imaginary cervine foe. There

was a moon, but night-shooting is, as anyone who has tried it knows, a very haphazard business on the brightest night, and on this occasion a light mist made shooting doubly uncertain. Mons. Z. and his keeper, calling at intervals, at length came so near their quarry that they could hear him brushing through the bushes. "Fire the instant you can see him, or he will charge," was the keeper's hurriedly whispered advice. Mons. Z., straining his eyes, caught a glimpse of something, and fired—at Baron X., who, with his keeper, had also been carefully working up to an imaginary stag! By the most extraordinary luck, Mons. Z.'s bullet struck the handlior on his host's



ON CRISTA ROAD.

shoulder, and, exploding three cartridges, glanced off. Baron X. escaped with nothing worse than a bad bruise and a few cuts on the neck from fragments of the exploded cartridges. The moral seems to be that it is advisable to go in for this kind of sport singly.



CRISTA ROAD.



INNFALL VALLEY.



CURLING.

SCENES FROM ST. MORITZ.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. CHARLES F. SIMMOND.

POCHINET IN "A PIERROT'S LIFE."

A CHAT WITH SIGNOR ROSSI.

It was difficult to see the remarkable wordless acting of Signor Rossi in "A Pierrot's Life" without growing somewhat curious concerning his art, so little practised in England.



SIGNOR ROSSI.

Photo by Benque, Paris.

Everybody felt that nothing so strangely vivid and impressive in its way as his dumb show had been seen by this generation. I have heard actresses in English versions of that dreary play "Adrienne Lecouvreur" tell us less with their mouths than we learn from the countenance and gestures of Signor Rossi concerning the fable of "The Two Pigeons." Oh, that fable! Who that has heard it at the best can ever forget Bernhardt and the golden voice in it? There are tit-bits in drama, as in the older Italian opera, that draw many who cannot take pleasure in the whole work, and "Les Deux Pigeons" is a case in point.

I found Signor Rossi a bright Italian, who called himself old, and would only admit that he was born in 1851 (writes a *Sketch* representative). He spoke French at a prodigious pace, and with such skill that one might well have believed him one of the creatures of light tongue and heavy accent who may be found any day on the *Cannebière*, which, according to the *Marseillaises*, beats Northumberland Avenue or any street of restaurants in Paris.

"My career? Oh, so simple! In '60 I became pupil in the great dancing-school of La Scala, Milan. Yes, nine years of age is a little old for the school. However, at the age of sixteen I made my début in that tremendous, terrible theatre of La Scala as *premier mime* in a ballet founded on 'Semiramide.' Let me skip a few years. When thirty-four I became Professor of Pantomime at the La Scala school. Subsequently I went to Paris to play at the Eden Théâtre in 'Excelsior.' Of course, you remember that."

Of course I did, but, since I am not on my oath, I decline to confess my reminiscences of the Eden Théâtre, though I am bound to declare that even now I have a vivid impression of Signor Rossi as the Prince of Darkness, in which part he acted with immense effect. Perhaps I ought to have mentioned that, like a worthy Italian wine merchant whose wines are a somewhat deadly trap for unaccustomed brains, he calls himself Egidio.

"I played 484 times in 'Excelsior,' and afterwards stayed on at Paris doing work as author, mime, and *maître de ballet*. Indeed, I have produced no less than thirty-five spectacles at the Porte Saint Martin, Variétés, Nouveau Théâtre, and Casino de Paris, at which house I am regular *maître de ballet*. At this moment they have a great success of mine—'Les Amoureux de Venice.'"

I soon found that he was more anxious to talk about his art than himself, and quickly set the brilliant Italian on his hobby.

"It seems to me," I observed, "that there are different methods of expression in dumb-show work"—he tried to interrupt, but I stopped him—"some purely conventional, like the clicking of the thumb-nail against the teeth, which means what one may describe by the out-of-date slang 'Walker,' or the gesture that suggests money, and soon may be acclimatised in England; and the other descriptive, such as the hand upon the heart for love, tearing the hair for rage or grief, and the touching the wedding-ring finger, which, perhaps, however, involves both."

"There are more important matters than that," broke in Signor Rossi; "there are mime and pantomime—some people confuse them. You might as well confuse tragedy and comedy. The art of the mime is serious, artistic, classic, and restrained. No one who is not a dancer, who has not studied to render the whole of his body supple and easy to grace, can be a *mime*; any clever actor can become a pantomime. The speechless player who presents a tragedy must have at his command a complete vocabulary of gestures, fruit of our elaborate teaching; and he must have more—he must possess grace and sense of form. The mime always seeks to present a vitally beautiful composition. I have had sculptors and artists who frankly acknowledged their debt to me."

I am afraid that this last sentence is mine, and not his, for, although he certainly said that the artist or sculptor might learn from the *mime*, he exhibited, in truth, profound enthusiasm and no vanity. His theory of the *mime* seemed to be that he could express by gestures almost exclusively conventional, aided, of course, by apt facial play, any simple drama; but that to do so in the grand style involves a profound study of attitudinising, the result of which is that the lines of the body constantly become of great beauty and force. In illustration he showed me a mass of photographs from "Fidès," a mime-drama by himself and M. L. Roger Miles, presented at the Paris Opéra Comique with great success in 1894. When I analysed them under his guidance, I could see how largely the grace and power was due to the deliberate formation

of certain lines, by the relation of one part of the body and its extremities to the other, and was forced to realise how charming a branch of art remains out of the range of the Englishman.

"Pantomime. Ah! that practically is the expression, by imitation and description, of feelings, and lies within the range of the actor untrained as a *mime*. My ambition is to combine the two—the pure, the classic, miming art, which, alas! but few can really understand and appreciate, with the pantomime that lies at the doors of all, and thus to humanise and render popular the higher, æsthetic branch, and to dignify the simpler and more obvious. My 'Deux Pigeons'? That is a combination of the two; it is imitation and description of the birds reinforced, and, I hope, beautified, by poses in themselves suggestive and poetic."

Miming is a great art, the fundamental truth of which, according to him, is "Il n'y a pas de plastique, sans le vrai." It may be that, even in moments of passion, we cannot all of us arrive at miming dignity, but we must remember the story about the old lady who complained to Turner that the subject of one of his pictures never appeared to her eyes as he had set it down on his canvas. "Don't you wish it did?" was the crushing rejoinder.

Signor Rossi is an enthusiast whose own work shows the value of his teaching and his theories, which should not be confined to the wordless stage, and very much might be learnt by our players from the brilliant compatriot of Duse who is now drawing the world to "A Pierrot's Life" at the Prince of Wales's.

"A PIERROT'S LIFE" IN ROME.

There is no pleasanter place in Rome in which to end the evening than the little Quirino Theatre in the Via della Vergine. The performance begins at nine and goes on till after half-past twelve, and in those three or four hours we have ballets, pantomimes, sketches, songs—two or three of them every evening. I was there last night, at what seemed to me a very typical performance. First came "La Gran Via," a *zarzuela*—something between an English sketch and a French *revue de l'année*—a musical medley generally adapted, as the name indicates, from the Spanish. Then came "Histoire d'un Pierrot," which we know in English as "A Pierrot's Life." Finally, there was a scene out of the ballet "Primavera." I sat, as I usually do, in the front row of the stalls, and, as there is no division between the stalls and the orchestra, I found my feet resting on the bars of the chair of the gentleman who played the trombone. In this position I had an excellent view of the *coulisses*, and, as the dressing-rooms had little galleries running along outside them, and as the ladies of the ballet seemed to prefer to dress leaning over the rail of the galleries, I was not long in getting somewhat acquainted with the people who were going to entertain me. The chorus-ladies of the *zarzuela* were of a considerable age, of exemplary plainness, dressed in bright-coloured costumes which seemed to have come straight from the Wednesday rag-shop of the Campo de' Fiori, and they moved with a heavy, wooden activity which was as little graceful as anything I have ever seen. Pina Ciotti, the heroine, is a delicious little person, with wicked and witty half-shut eyes, and very elegant, slim wrists; but otherwise the people of the drama were not interesting. But the piece! I wish I could give some notion of its crudity, its childishness, its quite primitive coarseness; the amazing frankness with which it assumed that the audience was made up of persons with the tastes of schoolboys or savages. It was really harmless enough; but I tried to think of it being given in London. The popular theatres across the water are subdued in comparison; and no Cockney would permit his intelligence to be so slighted as these laughing and applauding Romans.

But the "Histoire d'un Pierrot" was another thing altogether; and it is characteristic of Rome that the very people who had applauded "La Gran Via," with its crudity, its coarse action and gaudy colouring, applauded even more loudly the delicate subtlety of music and pantomime in this exquisitely human piece of artificiality. Annina Visconti, who is at once *mina* and *prima ballerina*, was the Pierrot, and both she and Madame Pierrot acted with a silent eloquence which seemed to make speech somewhat useless. It has some of Costa's prettiest music, and the action has that pathos which seems to belong by right to unspoken things, as it belongs to the wistful eyes and gestures of animals. Here and there the sentiment is a little obvious, as, indeed, it must needs be; but all the situations have been played, I think, and a pantomime must be a little more than human, must add emphasis to every instinct, if it is to be swiftly intelligible, having, as it does, to speak through the eyes to the heart. Well, these are the moods of many lives, and this history of a Pierrot the story of how many of those frail and foolish and attractive creatures, always so unlucky and so beloved, whom Pierrot typifies. I was almost sorry that the evening was not to end on this fragile and harmonious note; but, as there was to be a scene from a ballet, I could not tear myself away, and I wanted to see Annina Visconti again.

The scene was pretty, and the first eight had been trained with some care, though by no means to a desirable perfection. But Annina Visconti, tired as she was with the labour of speaking so long without speech, danced with that vivid sureness which seems to me her particular quality. Longhi, the *primo ballerino*, danced very fairly well, and supported Visconti in some difficult poses, and I was not sorry that I had stayed, for such human dancing as Visconti's is itself another, and a not less delicate, way of speaking without speech.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE BABY-INCUBATOR.

Most of us are familiar with the idea of a baby-incubator, and now and again a vague rumour of the excellent effects attained by one of these "new-fangled inventions" on the health, and, indeed, on the very existence, of a tiny mite born into this world of sorrow under unfortunate or exceptional conditions, fills with wonder and amusement a given circle, who, however, hardly believe the story they are told. In Paris, however, the baby-incubator is in regular use; not only at the great Hospital of the Maternité, but in many smaller institutions, the curious apparatus has been proved to be of the greatest value.

The idea of an artificial mother was by no means a novel one where animals were in question; yet the doctor who first ventured the theory of the "baby-incubator" found his proposition received with universal ridicule. But the world, especially the medical world, has made progress during the last forty years, and the Bordeaux physician who in 1857 first elaborated a hot-water baby-incubator little knew that his invention would be ultimately acknowledged on all sides as one of the most valuable discoveries tending to preserve human life.

The principle of the baby-incubator differs very little from that so long and so successfully practised in the incubators used for hatching chickens. Both consist of a case divided into two compartments, of

Before the introduction of the baby-incubator, sixty-six per cent. of the children born at the Maternité weighing less than four pounds died within a few hours or days of their birth; now, thanks to the incubator, more than half that number are saved to become active French citizens.

Even more extraordinary in some ways than is the incubator is a newly adopted *garage* system of nutrition, for the problem with weakly new-born infants is not only that of keeping them warm, but also that of feeding them with suitable nourishment. The apparatus simply consists of a sublimated feeding-bottle, the mouth of which, unconsciously introduced into the swallow by the child, automatically introduces liquid into the stomach without the ordinary effort of swallowing.

THE FARMER AND HIS FRIENDS.

Even in his own peculiar literature the British farmer has a marked partiality for the solid and substantial—nothing like figures, statistics, and tables for him. He loves, perhaps, just a word or two from the Squire to make the figures go down, and a lugubrious sentence or two from the editor to assure him that he has, at any rate, one friend left him on this earth. The numerous authorities that write in the *Live-Stock Journal Almanac*, to guide the farmer through the coming year by



INCUBATOR WARD OF THE MATERNITÉ.

which the lower one contains the boiling water, which, kept at an even temperature, warms the "little stranger" lying above. Fresh air is, of course, essential to all living things, but in the case of an exceptionally delicate new-born baby it is essential that the air should be warmed. Accordingly, the room in which the incubator stands has also to be kept at a uniform temperature, in order that, when the baby is taken out of the little cradle fitted in at the top of the incubator, it should run no risk of taking cold.

For a long time the *couveruse* was always made of wood, but, thanks to the kindly and ingenious thought of Madame Henry, the chief midwife of the Maternité, the baby-incubator is now always made of thick crystal glass, and this enables doctors and nurses to see exactly everything that is going on.

Those who have once seen the incubator ward of the Maternité are not likely to forget the sight. Next to the tiny patients themselves, those who arouse the most interest are the mothers, who are admitted at certain hours to look at, but not touch, their babies. Of course, the duration of the treatment, if so it may be called, entirely depends on the condition of the new-born child. Often a stay of one or two weeks in the incubator will transform a moribund mite into a healthy, kicking child, and occasionally a baby remains the temporary tenant of his glass mother from forty to fifty days. Fortunately, it is comparatively easy to see when the baby has had enough of the incubator, for when that is the case, instead of placidly sleeping away the long hours, it turns fretful, cries, and makes vigorous attempts to stretch its limbs.

summing up the experience of the past one, write prosaically and solidly enough, giving plenty of statistics; and although they never approach levity, I should think are hardly melancholy enough to suit the unchanging taste of the British farmer. Happily, they eschew advice, for, if advice could have made the farmer's fortune, he would have been a millionaire many times over. "No foot, no horse," says Lord Arthur Cecil, writing on horse-shoeing, with which subject he shows a familiarity that a County Council lecturer might do well to emulate. That fruitful source of lameness in horses and diminution of farmers' profits, sidebone, is discussed by Professor Flemming. The foreign-competition bogey, of course, crops up in the "Almanac." The Earl of Lonsborough would brand every horse imported into England, to protect the unwary horse-buyer; but it seems to me that the man who goes horse-buying and cannot tell an English nag from a foreigner ought to pay something to have his education finished. Nearly a million pounds' worth of horses was imported last year, and Lord Lonsborough would wish to divert something of this sum to English breeders. Mr. T. F. Kynnersley contributes an article on the breeding of horses on the Continent, and shows how much the Governments of all Continental countries patronise and help farmers in this industry. Without any Government aid, but by their own individual efforts, and because these efforts were remunerative, Englishmen have raised up the finest breeds of horses the world has yet seen, and the world has not yet seen the Government that can compete in commercial enterprise with the native sort of individual talent that is cultivated in England.

"A PIERROT'S LIFE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Louisette, the little milliner (Madame Germaine Ety), was loved by poor Pierrot (Mdlle. Litini), but was wooed by the rich Julot (Mons. Jacquinet), who was mad when he encountered Pierrot in her room one day.



Despite Julot's wooing, however, Pierrot was too shy to propose, and gladly took lessons in love-making from his next-door neighbour, Pochinet (Signor Rossi), rehearsing a proposal on the milliner's model.



So Julot entered to find Pochinet in a "God-bless-you-my-children" attitude over the lovers, who plighted their troth over the doves' cage.



But, alack-a-day! Pierrot sickened of Louisette, and stayed out late o' nights while she slaved and watched for his return till weariness overtook her.

"A PIERROT'S LIFE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Fifine (Mlle. Georgette Faurens) was a pretty work-girl whom the wicked Julot dangled before Pierrot, who was fascinated by her.



Pierrot wanted money, and gambled with Julot, who, by means of marked cards, cheated and ruined him.



And after many days Prodigal Pierrot returned in poverty to the street in which Louisette lived. He found the doves outside her window, as of old, but he himself had seen such bad times that he was in rags, and his very mandoline was worn and old and out of tune.



Louisette could not forgive him, till Pochinet told the old story of the two pigeons. One of them wearied and flew off, and after many days returned a wreck, to find a welcome from his faithful mate. Thus did Louisette take the moral to heart, and the curtain descends on a happy household.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. H. J. Dobson's "The New Toy," which appeared in Mellin's Food Art Exhibition, is a pleasant interior, reminiscent of the Newlyn school both in technical qualities and in sentiment. The mother and the elder man watch the child engaged over his new enjoyment; it is a simple little domestic scene, and it is cleverly painted, cleverly composed, and cleverly conceived.

The January number of the *Studio* more than sustains its ever-increasing reputation as an art magazine. This is a production upon every page of which a fine intellectuality is stamped. The articles are all interesting, the reproductions are in every instance quite beautiful, and the general arrangement is really beyond praise. The first paper, by Mr. J. Stanley Little, is devoted to Maurice Greiffenhagen and his work; it is accompanied by reproductions of Mr. Greiffenhagen's pictures, of his "Judgment of Paris," his portraits of "Dorothy and

beautiful plates, to illustrate the various styles in use, named by such oddly sounding titles as the Ikenobo style, the Enshice style, and the Rikkwa style. Of the three, what Du Maurier was accustomed to call the present scribe prefers that known as the Ikenobo style, and, for a particular specimen in that style, he would give the prize to the carnation, always excepting the hideous bird that crowns the exquisitely simple bamboo frame which holds the flower-pot. But this magazine is full of excellent things, rich in stores of learning and of beautiful illustration. It would not be easy to name another art production published in this country so distinguished for so many and so variously delightful qualities.

The ninth volume of that very portentously named "International Annual of Anthony's Photographic Bulletin and American Process Year-Book" is a very cheerful and, in many respects, a very beautiful book.



THE NEW TOY.—H. J. DOBSON.
EXHIBITED AT MELLIN'S FOOD ART EXHIBITION.

Angela Rider Haggard," other portraits, and "The Mermaid," while a reproduced chalk drawing of a lady and child is given away separately with the number.

Mr. Little thinks that it is as a decorative artist with a fine sense of colour, a keen eye for happy juxtapositions and pleasing equiposes in arrangement, balancing of masses and lines, an instinctive aptitude in the blending and harmonising of colours, that Mr. Greiffenhagen is pre-eminent; and most people will be inclined to agree with Mr. Little in the matter. "He is always decorative," says Mr. Little, who might have with advantage compared him, and his method of looking at life, with his elder contemporary, Albert Moore. As it is, Mr. Little claims for his artist the same keen sense of what decorative requirements are as had "Botticelli, Titian, Sodoma, Bacchiacca, and Cesare da Sesto." Mr. Little tells the world something, too, of the artist's personality. "Whimsical and almost nervously modest, few men can talk more wittily or pertinently, and his conversational equipment is by no means confined within the limits of his own art or of art generally. . . . He is a remarkable man and a remarkable artist. He will go far."

Mr. Josiah Conder's last article on "Japanese Flower Arrangements" is also a feature of the current *Studio*. It is accompanied by ten very

Its articles, though all bearing upon photography, vary from the slightly frivolous to the highly technical, and the photographs selected for publication are, in nearly every instance, what the advertisements call "admirable examples of the art." There is humour, too; in many of them, as, for example, in the extremely pretty study of children called "Interested," in "A Young Mechanic," and in the daring fancy of "Above the Clouds"—the presentment of a child flying far over a little town in the company of the bats of night. It should be of interest to all.

The second number of the *Architectural Review* speaks well for the future of this journal. Mr. Whistler's sketch of St. Anne's, Soho, will be treasured by his admirers. Mr. Pennell deals with the Brewers' Hall, Mr. Gleeson White treats of Mr. G. C. Ilaité, and the article on Mr. J. L. Pearson is continued.

A new art journal, *L'Image*, has appeared in Paris. It is notable for its woodcuts, which are on a very high level. M. Renouard contributes some brilliant sketches of London street-figures, and M. Grasset is responsible for a weird picture of two fauns. Altogether, *L'Image* is a notable contribution to art journalism. Messrs. Grevel, of King Street, W.C., are the London agents.

THE ARRIVAL OF SIR 'POSSUM

FRANK VER BECK, DISCOVERER
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, HISTORIAN



[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

For it is written that whatsoever abideth with the Dumpies shall become of a presence squat and manner unwieldy, even as they. THE KAYAN.

Now in the second week of the year of Amenities, when the bear family had become well pleased with the Dumpy people and their surroundings, they bethought themselves of Sir 'Possum, who dwelt in the forests on the extreme borders of the Country of Kay. So they spoke of him as a good fellow to Dumpy, the King, who immediately sent the snow-birds to invite him to The Land of Low Mountains. The Dumpy annals have it as follows—

To the woods the snow-birds fled,
And unto Sir 'Possum said,
"Come and see
Dumpy Land," but he replied,
"I'm entirely satisfied
Where I be."

When their messengers returned
And the news the Dumpies learned
Of their quest,
Off they started, two by two,
Wiseacre and Topsy-loo
And the rest.



And the she-bear led the way,
While the merry cubs, they say,
Skipped with glee.
To the spot they hastened then
Where Sir 'Possum made his den
In a tree.

The she-bear, being an old acquaintance, was allowed to speak first.

"Come out, Sir 'Possum," she called; "we have new friends."

"Yes, come out," called all the little bears, "we have new things to eat."

No answer came from the tree, and the bears feared that the 'Possum's home was deserted.

But Wiseacre, the sage, who even at that remote period had a cathode eye and a telephone voice, focussed on the tree, and declared that Sir 'Possum was curled up asleep within.

"Hello, Central!" he called.

"Hello, who is it?" came the feeble reply.

"Let me talk to him," said Topsy-loo the polite and beautiful.

"We have heard of your captivating manner with chickens and other

poultry, and we, the Dumpies, have come to seek the honour of your presence in The Land of Low Mountains where we dwell," she warbled winningly.

"Oh, dear! if they ask me like that I shall have to go," thought Sir 'Possum, "unless I can slip out of here and escape." Butterneg, the Poet Omelette of Dumpy Land, concludes the adventure as follows—

Our Wiseacre's cathodic eyes
Now stood him in good stead;
He saw the wary 'Possum rise
And softly leave his bed.

He watched him quit his nest of fur
And slyly upward slip—
And lined his hand with sand-paper
To get a better grip.

And up and up Sir 'Possum climbed,
And out upon a limb,
While Wiseacre, all cocked and primed,
Below was waiting him.

He saw him leap—his face grew pale—
And calm his cathode eye;
He grabbed Sir 'Possum by the tail
As he went sailing by.

But through his grasp Sir 'Possum slipped,
And fainted in despair.
"Oh, Wiseacre," he cried, "you've stripped
My tail of every hair!"

At this, all the other Dumpies and the bears gathered about the two, and, sure enough, the sand-paper in Wiseacre's hand had left Sir 'Possum's bushy tail perfectly bald. The poor fellow was in a dead faint, and they threw snow in his face to revive him. When he recovered he looked sadly at his tail.

"Alas!" he said, "I shall never be able to face my old friends in this condition."

"All the more reason you should make new ones," urged the bear. "Yes, all the more reason you should make new ones," echoed all the Dumpies and little bears in a chorus.

"We will never refer to your condition," said Wiseacre. "No, never," said all the others.

DUMPY CHORUS.

Air: "Marching Through Georgia."

Oh, yes—Oh, yes—to Dumpy Land we go,
In hap—piness—we march across the snow!
Sir 'Possum will go with us, and his legs will shorter grow.
Hurrah for Sir 'Possum and the Dum—pies!

And thus it was the 'Possum went to dwell with the Dumpy people, and in time became fat of body and short of limb. And he soon grew happy and contented, though the hair never grew again on his tail, and he always had fainting spells when in trouble. By-and-by, after long practice, he could hang by it from limbs, and use it for dragging game into camp. The fainting spells also were useful, for sometimes when captured by enemies they would believe him dead and go away. And after a while it was said that he could faint whenever he chose, and often now, when people pretend to be asleep or dead, it is called 'possuming.



THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie have been resting at Winchelsea in Miss Ellen Terry's cottage.

I very seldom have serious reason to differ from so accomplished a critic as Dr. Garnett, but in his biography of Miss Rossetti, published in the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," he has committed himself to criticisms which many admirers of that poetess will dissent from. Dr. Garnett sets chief store on Miss Rossetti's "Goblin Market," but does not think that the rest of her poetical work can compare with it. He then goes so far as to pronounce the verses in her later religious books comparatively without value. Dr. Garnett does not mention that these verses were collected in a volume with the modest title "Verses," published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. I venture to think that many of Miss Rossetti's lyrics, and that some parts of "The Prince's Progress," are, to say the least, quite as valuable as "Goblin Market," and I further think that Miss Rossetti's later religious poetry was, on the whole, the most valuable and the most enduring of all her work. One might appeal to so unprejudiced a critic as Mr. Swinburne, whose fine eulogy of "Passing away, saith the world, passing away," will not soon be forgotten.

Sir William Hunter's "Thackerays in India" (Frowde) contains a good deal more than its title promises. The work and heroism of many other Anglo-Indian families are recorded with pious care and exactitude. The author's preliminary ramble round an old Calcutta graveyard is an opportunity for giving much curious information about busy lives that we at home have not troubled ourselves about, though we might well be proud of them—from Job Charnock, the founder of the city, through a long line of soldiers and civilians, to the beautiful Rose Aylmer, beloved and commemorated by Savage Landor. But his history of the Thackeray family forms a substantial part of the book. To get at it so minutely Sir William must have grubbed and burrowed with remarkable industry, and I am not sure whether it is very rewarding work. The world is quite content, as a rule, with vague general knowledge of a great man's ancestry. But they were a strenuous, intelligent, interesting race, and deserved to have a brilliant outcome. "Every Thackeray since the Archdeacon, nearly two hundred years ago, had to earn his living in some honourable profession: by his sword, tongue, or pen. . . . At least four uncles and one aunt had literary gifts. Thackeray's genius was the flowering of a century and a half of family culture." In spite of its burrowing among pedigrees and dry Civil Service records, and its general minute attention to what cannot have any great popular interest, Sir William Hunter has succeeded in imprinting on the book no little of the charm which was so marked in "The Old Missionary."

The S.P.C.K. has been severely criticised by Sir Walter Besant on the ground of unfair treatment of authors. How far these complaints are just I do not know. One or two which I personally investigated were certainly not just, but grave discredit attaches to the society for its treatment of a French work on Egyptology by M. Maspero, which has been translated and published by the society in England. It has been pointed out that in the French original M. Maspero accepts the conclusions of the higher critics as to the Bible. In the translation it is made to appear that he favours the traditional orthodoxy. The explanation given by the secretary is singularly lame. He says that M. Maspero consented to these alterations. The matter may well have appeared trifling to the eminent Egyptologist. He may have thought that his opinion on such matters was not important; but it is important, especially in present circumstances, and I should abstain from using the words that would fitly characterise the action of the secretary. It is a very grave question whether religious societies for the publication of books ought to be supported at all. They compete unfairly with the regular publishing trade, which is always willing to issue good religious books upon fair terms alike to authors and the public. But there can be no question that if religious societies undertake publishing, they should be an example to publishers—an example of liberality, honesty, and fair dealing in all respects. Henceforth the translations issued by the S.P.C.K. ought to be viewed with the very gravest suspicion.

Some of the very best biographies of the last few months have been those of musicians. "The Early Letters of Von Bülow" give a vivid idea of the struggle between the old and the new schools, a war in which young musicians enlisted as in a holy crusade; and, besides that, they supply a rather unlooked-for view of the beginnings and early progress of a remarkable personality, who was not so calm and reasonable on his maturity. But perhaps more interesting to general readers is "The Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé" (Smith, Elder), an autobiography continued by his son, the well-known painter, with a selection from his correspondence and diaries. Hallé had evidently no stormy period in his life, though plenty of enthusiasm. He was always remarkably sane, a lover of law and order in the affairs of art, as in those of the State. But his is a pleasing, if not a romantic, personality, and we in England must owe the kindest feelings to one who did so much for an artistic education, and did it with such willing grace. The chief interest of his book, however, since his career was not particularly associated with any musical revolution or crusade, is its records of the many remarkable people whom he met and was on friendly terms with during his life. Hallé was by no means all-absorbed

in music. He had a keen interest in art and in books, at least in the books of his own time; and his memory was good for the sayings and doings and demeanour of celebrities outside his own profession. He knew Heine intimately in the poet's still active days in Paris. He, Heller, and Heine formed a frequent and happy trio, and of their evenings together we are given delightful glimpses—

Irresistibly charming was Heine when, the conversation flagging, which often happens when three smokers sit together, he would, after a more or less long silence, suddenly recite one of his shorter poems, clothing it with undreamt-of beauty by his manner of delivery. We sat in mute wonder, and it seemed quite natural that he should add musingly in a half-unconscious tone, "Beautiful!"

Chopin and Berlioz were also among his intimates, and glimpses of a score and more of brilliant passages pass before us, musical and otherwise. Of Browning he says—

He knew the whole literature of music, had an unfailing judgment, and sometimes drew my attention to pieces by older masters which had escaped my notice, and which I have always found worth knowing. He must have been a good pianist himself, but I could never prevail upon him to give me a proof of his powers as such.

Some of his best stories, however, concern persons not of the elect, in a musical sense. There was the gentleman to whom he brought the sad tidings of Chopin's death. "Capital!" he exclaimed. "Now I can have his complete works bound!" And there was the amiable host who asked if he played in Dreychock's style, and, when Hallé replied he did not, said, "Oh, I am so glad, for he plays so loud, *et cela empêche les dames de causer*." The words of Mr. Ruskin have always a wide audience—indeed, I think his utterances on the subject of music even have been gathered and published by an ardent admirer. It is interesting—and most comforting to the Philistine—in this connection, to hear what he says on the subject of that softener of English hearts, "Home, Sweet Home," which, with "Rule Britannia," represents music to the old-fashioned Briton in his sincere moods.

Another recent book takes us back in the annals of music a long way, "The Autobiography of Karl von Dittersdorf" (Bentley), away from the times of Chopin and Berlioz and Liszt and Wagner, to the days of Glück and Haydn. Dittersdorf was not a great man. Perhaps he even knew his limitations, though gifted with an excellent conceit of himself, for he owns quite contentedly that he "gave proof of no fiery genius, which never slumbers nor sleeps, and seldom does what it is told." But the mere mention of the names of Glück and Haydn does not tell significantly how remote is that day from ours. It was the time when an artist, if he were lucky, was still a retainer of some great man, the darling or the slave of some great Court, when public favour was not the one condition of success. Dittersdorf went from castle to castle, from count to bishop, from bishop to prince, and back again, training and conducting their bands, composing operas and symphonies and musical comedies to their suggestion or their order, knowing nothing of the struggles of other young artists, and living sumptuously, if with no great independence. One gathers he was a gay, plucky, audacious young fellow, and to these qualities he owed, no doubt, three-fourths of his good fortune, his ennoblement, and his appointment as Amtshauptmann. But unhappy is the man that hangs on princes' favours! He was disgraced—through the agency of dark plotters, he says—died in poverty, and the last pages of his autobiography are full of bitterness. Earlier, if one would believe his naïf confidences, every great man that came across him piled the most fulsome compliments on him, together with honours and ducats. The ducats slipped through his fingers, but the compliments remained fast in his credulous mind and retentive memory to embitter the neglect of his latter days. Trivial as the book is in many respects, it would be difficult to better it as a faithful picture of the old patronage days by one who never doubted art found its best encouragement in the system.

There should be a fortune of popularity in Mr. Frederic Breton's title, "The Black Mass" (Hutchinson). The book it is attached to is so lavish in incident and sensation that the author is entitled, for his pains and his generous intentions of entertainment, to some of the good fortune accruing from the title. But such as have revelled in or have been violently repelled by Huysmans' horrible descriptions of black magic and devil-worship, will find this English imitation hopelessly tame; though, not satisfied with these sensational materials, it borrows from the most lurid kind of pseudo-medieval German romance a wicked baron, a dog with an evil spirit, and an unearthly forest maiden who grows up scraphically good in the midst of villainous plots against her innocence. Huysmans' story was hideously, powerfully repellent. This imitation is only vulgar and dull. Such are the effects of the presence of some genius and of the lack of it.

Considering his point of view, the Rev. T. G. Selby, a Wesleyan minister, who has published a book on "The Theology of Modern Fiction," gives a very fair and careful account of the work of Thomas Hardy. He naturally gives great space to George Eliot, on whom there is very little left to say.

O. O.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

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FAIRY TALE AND FICTION IN PANTOMIME.



MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL AS ABANAZAR, AT DRURY LANE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER HAKER STREET, N.W.

FAIRY TALE AND FICTION IN PANTOMIME.



MISS MABEL LOVE AS CINDERELLA, AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

FAIRY TALE AND FICTION IN PANTOMIME.



MISS TOPSY SINDEN, AT THE THEATRE METROPOLE, CAMBERWELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

FAIRY TALE AND FICTION IN PANTOMIME.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN (MISS LILY HAROLD), AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.



DANDINI (MISS ALICE LLOYD), AT THE PAVILION THEATRE.



ALADDIN (MISS MADGE ROCKINGHAM), AT THE WEST LONDON THEATRE.



PRINCE CAMEL (MISS H. CHATELL), AT THE GRAND, ISLINGTON.



MY LADY HARLEQUIN.



SLIGHTLY THICK.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"Prithee, how didst thou get the situation?"
"Sure, I bowed myself into it, thus."
"Thee 'd better be mindful not to trip up."
"Nay, I'll never be caught tripping."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

WILLOWS.

BY BLAIR CHASE.

"I will steer if you will scull."

So I shoved off, and sculled slowly up stream; by way of precaution, I looked round now and then to see what course I was taking.

"I won't steer at all if you can't trust me," she said.

As we had not brought a rudder, it did not matter; but that—is how a woman always steers.

Presently she said, "Pull your right—harder—now easy," and I heard the sound of branches against the bow as we glided and came to rest beneath the willows.

"Now *can* I steer or not?"

She was pretty, and no one could see us.

"No," I answered; "in view of our mutual safety, I can trust you no longer. It is imperative that I should sit in the steering-seat."

"But I will not scull."

So we both sat in the steering-seat.

Laura is my friend Jack's wife. A wife takes the rank and title of her husband. Therefore I was justified.

Artists have sketched Laura's profile.

"When a girl is married," I remarked, "she has great opportunities."

"When a man is a man," said she, "he takes them."

The artist who paints her full-face will be buried in St. Paul's.

"My husband will be wondering where we are."

"Wonder is but the wedlock of ignorance and thought."

"And wedlock is a garden-wall that you men climb over."

"And steal the fruit?" I asked.

"When you've pinched it first."

"Then I shall pinch but not appropriate."

"Then you will be caught."

"No; I've been best man at a wedding, but never at a divorcee."

"You will be."

"I may, but I won't marry her."

"Why not?"

"Matrimony is out of fashion, and even immorality has grown middle-class. No men marry nowadays; some are married, some are hung, but no man marries."

"But some men hang themselves."

"They have been married."

"Some confess to crimes they have not committed."

"No one will marry them."

"Some men fall in love."

"They ought to be hung."

"Yes, but they like it."

"Till they wake to be glad it's not true."

"Some don't wake."

"They can, but daren't."

"You are a cynic."

"I'm faster than a centipede."

"Cynics impress everyone but themselves."

"No, they impress themselves with their impression on others."

"Both false."

"No, both artificial; only nature is truly false."

"How?"

"Test it and try."

"I will."

"But you are married, you have a husband; that is artificial."

"But I don't love him."

"That is natural."

When she bends her head and drops her long lashes she reminds me of a picture I once saw in Italy.

She is, I said to myself, my friend's wife; therefore I will not make love to her. So I kissed her, for, as her husband's friend, I could not see his wife disconsolate. I felt that, had he been there, he would have done the same.

"Why did you do that?" she asked, and I failed to detect displeasure in her tone.

"Because I felt it was my duty; but I found it was not, for duty is always unpleasant."

"Duty," she said, "is doing work you are not expected to do, and telling everyone about it."

"Ah, work," I mused; "work is only a temptation to be idle."

"Was there no temptation about your duty?"

"How can I tell? If you yield to temptation, it is only a pleasure, and if you don't, it remains a wish. It is to the discreet minister alone that Providence vouchsafes the true pleasure of being tempted."

"Then," she said, bending close to me, "if I have a wish, what am I to do?"

"If it is your duty," said I, "do it."

As my friend's wife, I am convinced it was. Anyhow, she did it.

"It was once," I said, "my intention to enter the purely artificial state of matrimony."

"After enjoying the natural state of——?"

"Precisely."

"Edith Weaver comes down to-day, so you can start at once," she said.

"But," said I, "matrimony is not all still waters and willows."

"Yes, sometimes, but with someone else."

"And what of mid-stream?" I asked.

"Oh, the wife steers and the man pulls."

"With his back to the place where he's going, and blind to what happens around."

"That is his only privilege."

"Is that worth marrying for?"

"Well, marriage is the only way not to find out your wife's virtues."

"That is better. I hate virtues. Has Miss Weaver any?"

"None."

"Any vices?"

"Two—a bank-book and tobacco."

"Then I shall start at once."

"And take her into mid-stream?"

"Yes."

"And me?"

"Under the willows."

"Then I will help you."

It is kind of a wife to make friends with her husband's friends, I soliloquised as I pulled back.

"Jack," said I, somewhat absently, as he pulled us in with a boat-hook, "which do you prefer, mid-stream or Miss Weaver?"—whereupon I was recommended not to venture in the sun again without a hat.

But we had not been in the sun; we had been in the willows.

"It will," said I, "be pleasant in Paris if we have good weather." Jack had just gone out, scolding his wife because a page had been torn out of the new Bradshaw.

"Yes," she mused; "shall we always live in Paris? I suppose we shan't dare come back to England. I wonder if Jack will follow us."

I wondered, too.

"But," she said, coming behind me and stroking my hair, "come what will, I will never leave you."

I was beginning to fear she never would.

"Harry," she whispered as we neared the station, "I can scarcely do it, after all—and I never said good-bye to dear old Jack."

"Yet," said I, seeing salvation at last, "it's a charming morning for a drive. How lovely the view would be this morning from Harvest Hill!"

She was deep in thought.

"Shall we," I asked, "drive round and see the view? We shall just be back in time for lunch."

"I think," she almost whispered, "it would do the pony good."

Eighteen months afterwards Jack stood godfather to a little Harry Weaver Thornton, but he still tells his wife not to tear pages out of Bradshaw.

So I'd pinched the fruit, and I believe it was ripe; but I did not gather it.

LADY FLORA'S GARDEN.

I love to watch my lady flit

Among her garden's quaint trim plots,

Her tresses match the sunflowers' gold,

Her eyes, the blue forget-me-nots.

A very flower among the flowers,

She hath the same unconscious grace.

Just watch her as the sunshine falls

Upon her blossom of a face.

Oh happy rose, that at her waist

She tieth with her girdle in!

Thrice happy pinks, she tucketh close

Beneath her little dimpled chin!

White butterflies—that she declares

Are dead flowers' souls—drift to and fro,

And solemn bees, on thrift intent,

With their sweet burdens come and go.

The pansies' wistful faces seem

To brighten at her sunny smile;

The sweet peas nod their heads to her

In their own easy kind of style.

In sooth, it is a goodly sight,

This garden, with its trim quaint plots,

And Goddess Flora in its midst

With eyes like the forget-me-nots.

I love my lady at her work,

I love her in her hours of rest,

But when I see her 'mong her flowers

I think I love my lady best.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.



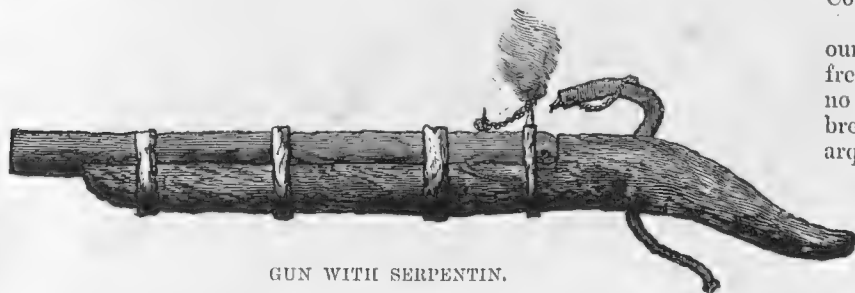
MISS JULIA NEILSON AS ROSALIND IN "AS YOU LIKE IT," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"THE GUN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT." *

With Illustrations from the Book.

There is no more progressive industry than the gunmaker's. Each year sees added to the Patent rolls something new in safety appliances or ejectors, and latterly we have seen one "boom" in small-bore rifles and



GUN WITH SERPENTIN.

another in the heroic endeavour to make one trigger do the work of two. A three-year-old book on guns is out of date to-day, and thus a new edition of Mr. Greener's classic finds its public waiting. It is not only to the shooting-man that this work appeals; the history of firearms may fairly be regarded as the history of warfare among civilised races, though it is curious to see how small a part guns of any kind played in war until comparatively recent times. We may pass over the vague and fearsome references of ancient writers to the unhallowed arts of enemies who called thunder and lightning to their aid; it is highly probable that they refer to the infancy of heavy ordnance, but throw no light upon the subject. Cannon of a sort were used in Continental sieges in the thirteenth century, but for many centuries the moral effect of artillery was more potent than the physical—as, indeed, experienced soldiers tell us it is now. The evolution of hand-firearms from cannon was so gradual that Mr. Greener is unable to draw any distinction between the smallest cannon, or "crash-guns," and the hand-cannon with which soldiers were first armed. Marianus Jacobus, who wrote in 1449, gives pictures of horse- and foot-soldiers thus armed. The weapon of the former appears to have been by far the handiest of the two, but it is impossible to look at the illustration without feeling that the method of discharge left a good deal to the honour of the horse. Little progress seems to have been made with hand-firearms until about the end of the fifteenth century, when some forgotten genius invented the "Serpentin," or match-holding cock, which was the first parent of the host of lock actions gunmakers have devised since. Relieving the soldier of the necessity of carrying the match loose in his hand, the Serpentin was unquestionably a great advance. The arquebus used by the Spanish troops in 1527 at Pavia was fitted with a trigger match-lock, which was one of the first developments of the Serpentin, and it is not surprising that the Spanish success should have been attributed to this improved weapon, clumsy as it appears to nineteenth-century eyes. The illustration shows how great was the improvement of the first match-lock on the simple lever or Serpentin.

Whether from pardonable doubts regarding their efficacy or from the desire to make the soldier's equipment at once complete and convenient, we are not told, but some of the early firearms were so fashioned as to



CAVALIER FIRING PETRONEL.

After Marianus Jacobus, 1449.

serve also as clubs or battle-axes. A pistol battle-axe of the fifteenth century is to be seen in the Dresden Museum; and when we read that "at the battle of Kuisyngen, in 1636, the slowest soldiers managed to fire

seven shots only during eight hours," we have no difficulty in making up our minds as to which end of this combined weapon we should prefer to meet. One of the most noteworthy among early firearms was the pistol-shield, a combination of offence and defence made in the reign of Henry VIII.; a specimen of this pistol-shield is preserved in the Tower; but as only twenty-one examples are known to exist, it is probable that tacticians of the day did not form a very high opinion of them. Combination weapons, however, are not peculiar to any country or age.

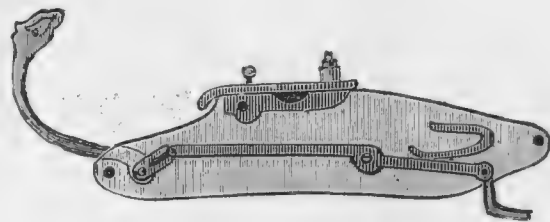
It is good for us, who pride ourselves on the wonderful strides that our generation has made, to look through this book and see how frequently our forefathers anticipated us. The breechloading gun was no new thing when it replaced the muzzle-loader; one of the earliest breechloading hand-guns known is now in the Tower; it is a sporting arquebus which belonged to Henry VIII., and was constructed in 1537 by a French gunsmith. The Germans had a breechloading weapon early in the sixteenth century; and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries arms of this character were very numerous and very diversified in mechanism. The cartridge was the weak point in these old breechloaders; some of them were contrived to take an elementary cartridge, but in several the charge was put in loose! Small wonder that, prior to the discovery of fulminates and percussion-caps, the muzzle-loader replaced the breechloader, and held its own till the 'fifties against all rivals. Even the single-trigger mechanism, of which sportsmen heard so much last summer, must go back a couple of centuries to find its



SPANISH ARQUEBUSIER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

progenitor. Mr. Greener, I observe, regards the new single-trigger double barrel with the doubt born of experience. He made such a weapon himself more than twenty-five years ago, but it did not prove a complete success; it acted admirably with some shooters, but evinced an embarrassing tendency to discharge both barrels at once in other hands. Numerous ingenious devices have been patented quite recently, and some have proved all or nearly all that their inventors claimed; but even granting that mechanical perfection is eventually achieved, I doubt if the single-trigger weapon is the gun of the future; it does not appear to me that the advantages gained outweigh the drawbacks; it does make possible a quicker "right and left," and minimises the chance of cutting one's finger on the guard; but the necessity for firing one predetermined barrel first and the intricate nature of the mechanism seem against its universal adoption. With the lessons of the past before us, however, it is not wise to be too dogmatic.

It is very interesting to observe the pride the old gunmakers took in their handiwork; scroll-work and fanciful engraving can hardly be regarded as a practical department of gunnery, but some of the best weapons turned out by the French, German, and Italian makers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were veritable works of art. The Italians excelled in elegance of design and finish, putting their best work into the pistols which were an indispensable part of every noble's equipment. When we reach those sections of the book which deal with modern sporting and military arms in all their countless variations, we get some glimmering of the importance and scope of the gunmaker's trade; the amount of attention that experts have devoted to perfecting the various parts of the gun will astonish the uninitiated; and when we have accompanied the author through the whole process of manufacture, from the scrap-iron heap to the counter, we understand why it is that sixty guineas is cheap for one weapon, while another, exactly like it in outward appearance, may be dear at the odd shillings. Every man who uses a gun or wishes to use one should study this book.



MECHANISM OF THE MATCH-LOCK.

* "The Gun and Its Development." By W. W. Greener, Sixth Edition. London: Cassell and Co.

"HOLLY-TREE INN," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.

Any afternoon, if you look in at Terry's Theatre, you will see Mrs. Oscar Beringer's adaptation of Dickens' story, which tells how Harry Walmer (Master Stewart Dawson) eloped with Norah (Miss Valli-Valli) to Gretna Green, and put up at Holly-Tree Inn on the way.

Norah became hungry and cold and tired, and, not unnaturally, a little snappish. There might have been a quarrel but for her lover's manly forbearance. Harry, perhaps a little guilefully, asks forgiveness of her for her little outburst, and the natural result is that his "young May moon" turns to honey and kisses and caresses.

Dinner in style and currant wine for one (in two glasses), a warm room and long journey, make Norah sleepy. She goes to bed. A strange noise frightens her, and out she comes screaming to her little knight, who takes her in his tender arms and prepares to fight for her sake.

No monster comes. He puts her to rest on the oak settle and keeps vigil, fighting against sleep himself vainly. The awakening brings no monster, yet ends his day-dream, for father comes to stop the little venture, and takes home the runaway, who must wait many long years before he and Norah can fight the battle of life together.



THE ART PUBLISHERS OF LONDON.

I.—MR. THOMAS McLEAN.

Every loiterer in London streets knows the Haymarket print-shops. They are among one's earliest recollections of that thoroughfare. Mr. Thomas McLean's establishment stands next to the theatre, and democratic patrons of the drama can catch glimpses of the pictures in his windows while they await the opening of the playhouse-doors for matinée performances.

Close upon ninety years have passed since that eligible site was engaged by the house of McLean. I found the son of the founder, who



MR. T. McLEAN.

Photo by Lombardi, Pall Mall East.

is now the head of the firm (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), upon a certain wet afternoon, in an inner gallery of the establishment, and willing to chat for half an hour on the history and vicissitudes of his house.

"But, really," began Mr. McLean, "I don't think I can tell you anything that the public would consider of sufficient interest to—to—"

"Your father opened these premises a few years before the Battle of Waterloo," I interrupted. "Now, what style of picture was the vogue then?"

"Ah! those were the days of the tinted lithograph, which we sold freely at two shillings apiece. Political, sporting, and social caricatures were also in demand. Do you know Henry Alken's work?"

I shook my head. A varied experience of interviewing has taught me the wisdom of an occasional frank confession of ignorance.

"Well, Alken could draw a horse just about as well as anybody in the world—and a dog, too, for the matter of that. His 'Sporting Pictures' were among the most popular publications of that period. Alken worked on these premises, receiving from us thirty shillings a-day. Our windows were full of his drawings. Oh, yes, Alken was a great man! Then there were Gilray, and Heath, and Seymour, and 'H. B.' We published nine hundred and seventeen subjects by 'H. B.' Those were fine times for caricaturists and comic draughtsmen, and for the publisher also, till *Punch* came upon the scene and spoilt the trade in two-shilling lithographs."

"How?"

"A matter of price. *Punch* gave half-a-dozen comic drawings at an eighth our charge, for one example. As to other popular sales of the period, those were the times when there was a great demand for folio volumes such as Nash's 'Mansions,' Haghe's 'Belgium,' and sumptuous tomes like our 'New Zealand and Australia.' The price of that publication was ten guineas. You must pay twenty-five for a copy now."

"As to the trade in pictures—in ninety years the development of the business must have been enormous?"

"Even in my own time—that is, since 1863, when I succeeded my father," replied Mr. McLean, "the change has been very marked. In my early days the wealthy collectors who had made fortunes in business were few and far between. Our chief clients were noblemen with a hereditary taste in art. They bought Old Masters at their leisure, and were regarded as the principal art-patrons. We have exhibited pictures and published engravings after most of the eminent artists of their day. Many of Millais' finest pictures have hung upon these walls. We

hold only two exhibitions a-year, one in the spring, the other in the autumn. What method do we adopt in the choice of pictures for our exhibitions? Well, to be quite frank, we select those works that we think we can sell."

"I believe you were closely connected with that popular idol Sir Edwin Landseer?"

Mr. McLean smiled a proud, expansive smile. "We published a quantity of engravings after Landseer's pictures. The most popular were 'Dignity and Impudence' and 'The Stag at Bay.' The artist's proofs of the former were issued at five guineas. They were all sold years ago. It 1894 it struck me that I should like to see 'Dignity and Impudence' hanging upon these walls. I was obliged to give seventy-five guineas for an artist's proof. My father agreed to pay Sir Edwin twenty guineas for the copyright of 'Dignity and Impudence.' He sent him twenty-five guineas. We have in our archives a letter in reply from Sir Edwin thanking us for our 'extreme generosity.' Later, Mr. Jacob Bell undertook the management of Landseer's affairs. I find that under the new régime we paid eight hundred guineas for the copyright of 'The Stag at Bay.' Hum!"

"Delightful family the Landseers," continued Mr. McLean. "Oh, yes, my family knew them all very intimately. On Christmas Day, through a long succession of years, they gathered round my father's table. Sir Edwin himself was not so regular in his visits. He was a great lion, and his company was very much in demand."

"Have any of Sir Edwin Landseer's descendants inherited his talent?" I asked.

"A daughter is alive, and married; but of the Landseer family in the male line there are no descendants."

"You must have published a vast number of etchings and engravings since the days of the tinted lithographs?" I said.

Mr. McLean waved his hand towards portfolios filled with proofs, and then handed me an illustrated catalogue of the firm's publications.

"Whom have you not published for?" I remarked, turning over the leaves, from which small woodcuts, after most of the masters ancient and modern, peeped out. By Millais I noticed such favourite examples as "Cherry Ripe," "Cinderella," "Little Miss Muffit," and "Christmas Eve."

"Our most popular publications?" said Mr. McLean in reply to a further question. "Well, probably Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Age of Innocence' and Millais' 'Cherry Ripe.' The latter picture, you will remember, was a commission from the proprietors of the *Graphic*. They published 'Cherry Ripe' with their Christmas Number, and it proved to be one of their greatest successes. After the chromo-lithograph of the picture had been distributed in thousands and thousands throughout the country, we bought the copyright for £1000, and we had no reason to regret the purchase."

"You also publish sporting pictures, some by Mr. Douglas Adams, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Mr. McLean. "By-the-by, rather a curious story attaches to the first picture by Mr. Adams we reproduced. One day a nobleman called here full of praises for a sporting picture he had just bought at the Royal Academy. 'Why don't you publish an engraving of it?' he said to me. 'I'll share the enterprise with you.' I agreed. A year elapsed before the publication was put in hand, but when the day of issue arrived it proved to be most successful—a result very gratifying both to myself and to my noble partner."

"A final question," I said. "Which of the Royal Academicians is the most popular draw at your annual exhibitions?"

But at that moment Mr. McLean was called away, so the question remained unanswered.

A MAD WORLD.

Lombroso has been anatomising Zola, whom he describes as an epileptoid. This opinion he founds upon the following data: Certain hereditary peculiarities, prehensile foot, precocious wrinkles, diminished sensibility, various antipathies, gastric crises, anguish and vertigo after intellectual fatigue. *Ergo*, Zola is afflicted with a hystero-epileptic psychosis, or, at least, a paranoic psychosis.

What a wonderful man is Lombroso!

The sharpest detect. virtuoso.

Be Irish, be Scotty,

You're (vulgarly) "dotty,"

Both cynic and gay amoroso.

What hope is in Anthony's "Phroso"?

In Trilby, who wouldn't wear clo'es, oh!

You're mad as a hatter

Whenever you chatter

In poetry, picture, or prose, oh!

There's something in everyone's pose, oh!

That shows how the hurricane blows, oh!

E'en David and Moses

Were cursed by psychosis,

For Mr. Lombroso he knows so.

A GIRLS' EAST-END CLUB.

The philanthropic schemes of London are so many and so various, and, for the most part, deal with matters so serious and complex, that even a more than ordinarily charitable man but seldom allows himself time to glance aside at those somewhat minor schemes of benevolence which,



MISS EDITH JOHNSON.

Photo by Goodwin, Northwood.

without professing any extraordinary responsibilities, do, nevertheless, aim at lightening many burdens and materially increasing the stock of the world's pleasure. It was the practical issue of one among these schemes, the Chesterton Girls' Club, which I (writes a *Sketch* representative) visited the other day at Homerton, where I was cordially received in the evening hours by its intelligent and energetic secretary, Mr. W. Varian.

The club was founded four years ago by Miss Edith Johnson, of Hackney, who was born and brought up in the house which is now the club's premises. The house was her father's freehold property, which she inherited upon his death. Miss Johnson's life having thus been spent at Homerton, she had ample

opportunity for the close observation of that interesting product of our higher civilisation, the factory-girl. Now, the factory-girl, being human, and generally in the enjoyment of robust health, naturally develops in due time a natural, human, and healthy capacity for pleasure and amusement. Having, for the most part, no exterior control, she seeks to satisfy that capacity according to her lights. So far as I have been able to discover, the practical outcome of these forces is that you link arms with three other factory-girls, tilt your hat and feather on one side, and amble down crowded streets singing at the top of your voice the popular song that has just filtered through from West to East. To be brief, Miss Johnson conceived the excellent notion of attempting to direct all this capacity for enjoyment and vitality according to a somewhat more reasonable ideal; and, accordingly, as Mr. Varian informed me, she handed over her house for this purpose, and the Chesterton Club was founded.

"You see," said Mr. Varian, "the object of the club is altogether social, and its chief note apart from this, the characteristic upon which we insist, is that it shall be entirely unsectarian. We bar theology absolutely; no religious questions are allowed to be put to any member, and, indeed, we number among our supporters well-known representatives of such various modes of thought as Anglicanism, Roman Catholicism, Nonconformity, Free Thought, and Swedenborgianism."

"Then your object is to give the girls healthy opportunities for enjoyment?"

"That is exactly our object, and if they choose to occupy their leisure with more or less serious work they have the opportunity, just as, if they

have as much liberty as is possible, and for that reason on the committee, which has the supreme government of the club, are four of the girls, elected as members by ballot among themselves. I should mention," he added, "that the subscription is a penny a-week for each member, which works out to a total of about thirty pounds a-year. There is a resident matron, who is paid for her services."

"You don't find that the girls in any way resent their position at any time as members of such a club? I mean, after the novelty has worn off?"

"They would resent any patronage or condescension," answered Mr. Varian warmly; "we do not come here to air social superiorities." And therewith he told me a brief anecdote which need not be set down here.

"One of the girls, for example," he continued, "in talking to me the other day, asked me if I could tell her what was good for the 'lungs.' That's exactly what we try to provide—some treatment for the 'lungs'; and certainly these social evenings seem effectual enough in result. On Monday the pianoforte is taught, on Tuesday I myself take a first-aid class, on Wednesday there is a dressmaking class, on Thursday dancing and musical drill, on Friday a singing class, and on Saturday a miscellaneous entertainment. On Sunday we spend a quiet evening, and every night there is opportunity for any member to chat and read, dance, and enjoy herself as she pleases."

"Have you any refreshments sold on the premises?"

"Yes; downstairs there is what we call a coffee-bar, organised and managed by the girls themselves, where coffee and mineral waters are



THE CHESTERTON GIRLS' CLUB, FROM THE GARDENS.

Photo by Alfred Brown, etc.

dispensed; and I should not forget to tell you that Mr. Richard Stapley, of the firm of Stapley and Smith, has placed a cottage at our disposal in Sussex, which we use as a health and holiday home for club members."

"Your income, I suppose, mainly depends on voluntary subscriptions?"

"Not altogether; last year from one source or another we received about two hundred and fifty pounds, of which one hundred and two pounds were derived from subscriptions and donations." I may add that both Miss Johnson and the secretary are subscribers to the funds of the club.

I then accompanied Mr. Varian to the class-room, where Miss James was conducting a laughing and self-possessed dancing class. A most excellent set of dumb-bell exercises was gone through for my benefit, with musical accompaniment; it was quite engrossing to note the gracefulness and genuine elegance of motion which distinguished most of these extremely healthy and jovial girls. After a glance round the premises, which, scrupulously clean and neat, are by no means large enough for Miss Johnson's and Mr. Varian's ambitious and hopes, and after a visit to a surprisingly large garden, I took my leave of Homerton, feeling, for the most part, my own amazing deficiencies in capacity for this heroic form of enthusiastic self-sacrifice.

"The Royal Blue Book" for 1897 appears, for the first time, with gilt edges.

Thoms' "Official Directory" makes its fifty-fourth appearance this year. Coming as it does from Dublin, its most interesting side is its Irish statistics.

"Sell's Dictionary of the World's Press" is issued this year without the Foreign Section, inasmuch as it is a "British Empire" edition, being a Press souvenir of the sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign. Still, that excision is more than compensated for by ampler details of the Queen's Dominions and the "Queen's Newspapers." The mearest catalogue of the contents would take up a column of *The Sketch*.



THE DRILL SQUAD.

choose to enjoy themselves generally, they also have the opportunity. In the past, classes have been held in musical drill, dancing, singing, pianoforte, first aid, dressmaking, management of children, and elocution."

"And what are your rules?"

"We have no rules," replied the secretary "We want the girls to

A CHAT WITH MR. EDWARD HASTINGS.

Last Friday a most successful revival of Tom Robertson's play of "Society" was given at the Criterion, on the occasion of Mr. Edward Hastings' annual benefit. During an interval of leisure, I remarked to



MR. EDWARD HASTINGS.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.

him (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), "I suppose, like the poet, the stage-manager must be born, not made?"

"I'm afraid ours is too prosaic a calling to bear any such comparison. Of course, there must be a certain amount of natural aptitude; but we are made, and very much made, by the stern lessons of experience."

"Perhaps you had some family advantages?"

"On the contrary, none at all, for my people were chiefly interested in brewing and distilling, and were wholly unconnected with the stage. No, I began at the bottom of the ladder as an extra gentleman, 'walking

on' at Sadler's Wells when Phelps had the theatre, about the year 1843. Previously, however, I should tell you, I had appeared several times at Pym's Amateur Theatre in Wilson Street, in the Gray's Inn Road. But my first speaking part professionally was at the Queen's Theatre, in Tottenham Court Road, then popularly known as the 'Dust-Hole.' You may remember it was entirely remodelled by the Baneroffs, with whom I served eight years there and five at the Haymarket. At the latter house, as well as at the Adelphi, I was with Mr. Benjamin Webster for a long period. When I first joined Mr. Webster's company I did responsible business, and was often given important parts at short notice, being considered dependable. We played many revivals under Mr. Webster. 'The Wheel of Fortune' is noteworthy from the fact that the Vandenhoofs played in it. 'The Double Gallant' is also memorable from the costliness of its mounting, and because it ran only two nights. Then there was 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' in which Benjamin Webster played the name-rôle. It was a very fine and very successful performance. 'Mind Your Own Business,' by Mark Lemon, was also a very favourite piece of Webster's. During the time that Webster had the Adelphi he was in the habit of taking the company of that theatre, during the summer months, to the Haymarket; but a difficulty here arose, as the proprietors would not allow him to lower his prices. But, as the half-price system then prevailed, Webster put on a farce first, and made half-price at eight, to enable his audiences to have the whole of the principal drama at less cost. He opened at the Adelphi with 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' It was certainly during a very hot summer, but a more disastrous speculation never occurred. The cast was strong enough, but it was as to several parts a case of square pegs in round holes."

"I dare say you remember Mrs. Keeley on the boards?"

"Why, of course, and the last time she played 'Jack Sheppard' I personated Hogarth and drew Jack's portrait in the condemned cell. And the last time the well-known O. Smith appeared at the Adelphi was in 'The Courier of Lyons,' as old Germuil. It fell to my lot and that of a fellow-actor, C. J. Smith, to lead the old man from the Court when he is overcome on hearing the sentence on his son. By the way, Leigh Murray was Lesurques. But, there, I don't suppose anyone, except some of the old playgoers perhaps, will care a jot for what I have been telling you," said Mr. Hastings.

"Very early I took great interest in stage management," he went on, "and, being a keen observer and having a retentive memory, I was able to avail myself of the opportunities obtainable of watching Wallack, then the stage-manager, while much could be learnt from such great actors as the elder Farren, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Nesbitt. As well as an actor, I was prompter and copyist for quite twenty years. It was a good school for the young actor in those days, when it was a quite common occurrence for the bill to be changed every night, for runs were then very rare."

"And what were the first plays you produced, Mr. Hastings?"

"Those put on at the Olympic under Horace Wigan; and I assisted Augustus Harris, the father of the late Sir Augustus, in stage-managing at the Princess's, where I remained all the time he had that theatre. He sent me to the Theatre Royal, Manchester, to bring out 'Harlequin Gulliver.' That was in 1867. At the Princess's, among the most important plays we produced were 'Ivy Hall,' 'The Master Passion,' and 'Love and Fortune,' by Planché."

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The conductors of the new *Academy* are certainly deserving well of the public in supplying them with inexpensive and wholesome recreation. I do not think there has ever been a more quietly amusing collection of snippets than the series of post-cards on which different notabilities in various spheres of life have stated the books that most interested and impressed them during the past year. It is a perfect portrait-gallery of egoisms. The particulars as to the sale of different works that come from various booksellers are too much of the shop, shoppy. The business side of literature and the drama should not be neglected, but may well be kept out of the view of the general public. Statistics of prices paid per word and of box-office returns are the very bagmanry of criticism.

But here we have only a decent and permissible percentage of advertisement, and the rest gives us that most fascinating of studies—the unconscious revealing of personality. What more Spencerian and Herbertian at once than our great philosopher's careful explanation of his inability to answer the question? His health only allows him to read for the purposes of his work, one is sorry to hear. "The result is that I do not read works that are unrelated to it, and for this reason am wholly unable to answer the question you put." Mr. Andrew Lang is more so than ever; his two books are "Tom Jones" and "The Report of the Lords' Committee on Lamer's Case, 1723." You see, Mr. Andrew Lang knows all about Lamer's Case, and you are obviously a very ill-informed person for not having the slightest notion who Lamer was.

Dr. Welldon, of Harrow, has contrived in the minute space of a post-card to criticise as well as name Purcell's "Life of Manning" in a manner more than masterly—schoolmasterly, in fact. "The interlacing of good and evil in the Cardinal's character—of self-sacrifice and self-seeking—is a fresh light thrown on the complexity of human nature." How obviously true, and how truly obvious! Sir Douglas Straight (Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*) has been impressed by "The Amazing Marriage" and "The Carissima"—not, strange to say, by a newly discovered poem of Wordsworth. The Editor of the *Daily News* admires the *Lives of Manning and Magee*—excellent "copy" for newspapers both of them. Mr. A. B. Walkley's card is commendably brief, but it contains a quotation from the French. Otherwise its genuineness might be disputed.

Mr. Sydney Grundy is "interested only in more or less technical works," and considers that "all other books are contained in the Book of Ecclesiastes," an opinion which throws some light on Mr. Grundy's recent dramatic career. Mr. Robert Blatchford, with the irrepressible garrulity of a Socialist, criticises not only the books that impressed him, but those that didn't. Dean Hole has been impressed (in 1896) by Lord Roberts's memoirs. He must be a rather impressionable person, for the work in question was issued quite at the end of the year. Canon Scott Holland and "Lucas Malet" bracket Zola's "Rome" and "Weir of Hermiston." Mr. S. R. Crockett, as in Kailyard duty bound, puts down Mr. J. M. Barrie's two books. Mr. Barrie might have been impressed by "The Grey Man"—perhaps he was, and was too shy to say so.

From Mr. Max Beerbohm we have come to expect ribald paradox, and he has felt bound not to disappoint us. We are therefore informed that he has been most impressed by Shakspeare and the Bible. For this statement he has two obvious reasons. Firstly, neither Shakspeare nor the Bible can be fairly or accurately called books, each being a collection of distinct and complete works; and secondly, and chiefly, Mr. Wilson Barrett says that he has been most affected by the Bible and Shakspeare. Perhaps, if "The Sign of the Cross" had had a trifle more Shakspeare and a trifle less Bible in it, or if the gifted author had found time to be impressed by Dr. Smith's "Classical Dictionary," as well as by other standard works, Mr. William Archer would have raged less furiously and the critics imagined fewer vain things.

But the most remarkable of the post-carders, taking them all round, is Mr. Paul Cinquevalli. Probably he wrote the message down, in his simple, homely way, by balancing the pen on the tip of his nose and the inkstand on his right ear, while the post-card fluttered like an oblong butterfly between his elbows and his knees. Holding the candle on his chin and keeping the blotting-pad and pen-wiper in the air above his head, he presumably wrote the names of the two books that interested him most in 1896. They are "Jude the Obscure" and "The Sorrows of Satan." Of any other person we should say that one of these choices was insincere or inexplicable. But the man who can spin the family wash-tub on the spike of his helmet, and can juggle with a tea-set and never break an article, can also admire two such works simultaneously. He can keep the whisky-bottle and the tub of frothing soapsuds in the air together and spill neither. Though perhaps it is an injustice to compare "Jude the Obscure" to whisky.

MARMITON.

"The Year's Music" (Virtue) and "The Musical Directory" (Rudall, Carte, and Co.), while apparently rivals, are really supplementary to each other. The former is a companion work to "The Year's Art."

If you are interested in statistics, get the "Financial Reform Almanack," which will make you fit to worry (*Scottie*, "heckle") any Parliamentary candidate—at least, from the Liberal standpoint.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The Cycle Show at the Wheel Club in South Kensington has been one of the events of the month. I paid it a visit the other afternoon, and enjoyed the quiet stroll around amazingly. No crush, no over-energetic vendors to bore one, but liberty to look over and study the various exhibits in one's own fashion. There were cycles from most of the leading firms, too well known to need description. The Dunlop was, however, more to the front than any of the others, and showed some excellent machines. There were, besides all the known cycles, a few novelties. When will these novelties cease? The cork-and-rubber tyre is a new departure altogether in this line. There is a patent taken out, and a company is shortly to be formed for the proper working of the invention. It is composed, apparently, of an ordinary pneumatic tyre filled with cork, and a layer of rubber again inside the cork. So far as puncture goes, there is nothing to fear, but where the advantage is over a solid rubber tyre is not so easily seen. The cosy handle-bar muff must appeal greatly to ladies. What an opening for a display of taste in the way of decoration. Ribbons, lace, furs, &c., all can be brought into play, and add another item of expense to the fashions of the day.

Before taking leave of Hereford House and its energetic secretary, Mr. Oliver, I must draw attention to the sliding-seat cycle. Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Byrne, I was enabled to take a ride round the track, and thus personally test its capabilities. Up to this time I confess to having had very grave doubts as to its advantages; but now all I want is to have another ride. At first start the sensation is peculiar; it gives "an all-over-the-bike sensation," and it is not until one is thoroughly master of it that one fully enjoys the absence of the fixed seat. What Mr. Byrne, the inventor, states in his circular is quite reasonable—namely, "Don't believe what *we* say. Don't believe what *they* say; but try it."

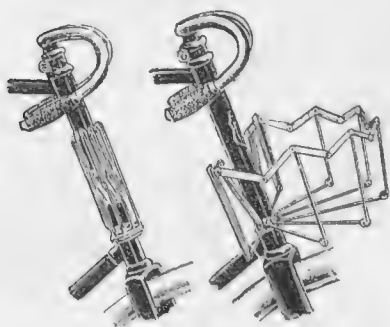
From Germany comes the news that cycle-stands like cab-stands are to be started in Berlin. It is proposed to put two hundred and fifty on hire in various parts of the city. The promoters have offered to pay an annual tax of fifteen thousand marks should this privilege be granted to them by the city authorities. The fee for hiring will be the modest sum of one penny per twenty minutes during the day, and double at night. The idea is a good one.

The Rational Dress Association are in fits of delight at what they call the signal success of their function at St. Martin's Town Hall. So far as I can gather from the account, the so-called function consisted of a species of "Allegorical Play," in which Dame Fashion was utterly routed by the Goddess Cyclea, attired in a loose white blouse and the most dressy of pale-blue "rationals." A thrill of satisfaction is said to have pervaded the audience at the spectacle (no wonder!). As the writer goes on to say, "You see, we are all so devoted to 'rationals,' at all times, at all places, and under all circumstances, that I am sure, if we had not all been so extremely ladylike, we should have given three ringing cheers for the cause"—the cause, I suppose, being the lady in the blue b—. When the excitement had cooled down, Lady Henry Somerset presented gold medals to those members of the Association who had attended each club-run this season in all the glory of "Bloomer" attire. After this, dancing was carried on until the small hours of the morning, none of the despised male sex being permitted in this sanctuary of "Bloomers."

From statements I have seen, there is not much difference in the pace attained at present between an electrical cycle and human power. The following table gives the difference of records—

ELECTRIC.			HUMAN.		
1 mile in 1 min.	46 3-5 sec.	...	1 mile in 1 min.	42 2-3 sec.	
2 "	3 " 31 4-5 "	...	2 "	3 " 39 1-5 "	
3 "	5 " 18 4-5 "	...	3 "	5 " 28 2-5 "	
4 "	7 " 6 3-5 "	...	4 "	7 " 21 4-5 "	
5 "	8 " 56 "	...	5 "	9 " 13 "	

A handy little novelty, of which I give a sketch, was shown at the Paris Salon du Cycle. It is an ingenious folding parcel-carrier attached to the upright above the front wheel, and when not required it folds up, thereby doing away with the ugly basket at present in use. It is not unsightly, and has the advantage that it cannot be forgotten when going out shopping, &c.

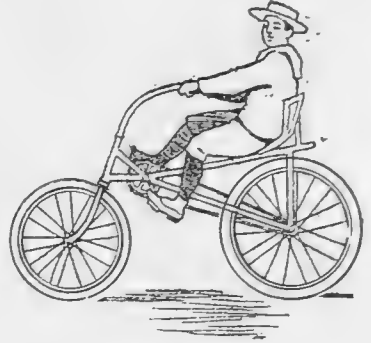


FOLDING PARCEL-CARRIER.

I have noticed that stockings are becoming a very important feature of cycling-costume, especially in Paris, where "rational" costume is more affected than on our side the Channel. Lately I saw some lovely ones with embroidered insteps, in different shades, and also in shot colours; these look very well on a pretty foot, and show it off to perfection, better even than those in small dice or checks. Many fair riders wear gaiters, which in cold weather are certainly warm and comfortable; but they ought to fit very neatly to look well. If stockings are well woven, I think they give sufficient warmth, however, and they are decidedly more elegant.

Another recent convert to the wheel among lady writers is Mrs. Arthur Stannard ("John Strange Winter"). But, indeed, it would now be almost easier to enumerate the non-riders than those who have succumbed to the fascination. I saw it stated recently that our one and only Trilby, Miss Dorothea Baird, was among the first girls to mount and ride a bicycle in England. Now I can scarcely name a single actress who does not ride.

This is the Swiss bicycle to which I referred the other week, and shows the back-rest arrangement.



A SWISS BICYCLE.

The bicycle will become a political problem ere long. I was told the other day that we are importing "machines" from America at the rate of fifty thousand a-year. Why should not we put an import duty on them? To do so would not be to put a spoke in the American wheels; the foreign manufacturers, although making a little less profit, would still send quite as many bicycles over the sea. Only our own manufacturers would be relieved slightly from the competition with American cheapness, and our Chancellor of the Exchequer would find his revenues pleasantly increased. On the other hand, it cannot be said that our manufacturers sell us their bicycles at ruinously low prices. Prices could still be much reduced without making their profits unreasonably small.

For some little time past we have had delightfully dry, bracing, winter weather, and I have noticed that, in consequence, a good many cyclists have again appeared on the roads. In Paris, these sunny days have tempted many cyclists into the Bois de Boulogne, and the other day I recognised several well-known faces there and saw some exceedingly pretty costumes. With one I was much struck, it was so neat and becoming. The bodice was cut like a short jacket, the sleeves being slightly full above the elbow, and quite tight from the elbow to the wrist. There was a neat white linen collar, round which a scarf was knotted, which looked very smart above the white chemisette, which was softly gathered beneath the little coat-bodice. Elegantly made varnished shoes, with straps, and black silk stockings, completed this most fetching costume. I stood and gazed after the fair rider with a feeling of pleasure, she looked so graceful on her machine, with its chainless gear. Apropos of this chainless or Acatene gear, I feel quite sure that ladies will take to it more and more, as it looks so neat, and in time I should not be surprised if it were entirely to supersede the chain.

The other day I went to Goy's riding-school at Pickering Place, Bayswater, to see some trials of the Baxter cycle-brake. There was a large and representative assembly, including many Society riders and Mr. Skipton of the C.T.C. The brake is an ingenious arrangement, combining the functions of foot-rests with those of an ordinary brake. It weighs only a few ounces, can be fitted to any ordinary fork-crown—not an Elswick, by-the-by—and is applied by foot-pressure to the sides of the front wheel tyre. If the rider prefers it, a lever arrangement for hand use can be added, but I fail to see where the advantage of the contrivance then comes in, for there are a dozen equally effective hand-brakes in the market.

It is proposed to retail the Baxter brake at ten shillings, and for the skilful cyclist who dislikes all the unsightly gear of the ordinary plunger, but yet wants a brake to use upon rare occasions, I think it is a good thing which should meet a long-felt want. Of course, a company is to be floated to exploit the concern; and, if the capital is kept within very modest dimensions, it may earn good dividends.

THE CASTAWAY.

Manx Air: "The Parting Hour."

Sad sounds the bell,
Farewell! farewell!
For three years' time we part!
For three years' time—
Then sweet shall swell
Our wedding chime, Sweetheart!
Our sails they swell;
Sad sounds the bell,
Farewell! farewell! Sweetheart.

Afar we flew—
The tempest blew—
Our barque in two was broke;
And, rudely flung
The rocks among,
All, all alone I woke.
The ships came nigh,
The ships sailed by,
For years no ship I spoke.

Till saved at last,
The ocean passed,
I stood for shore and home;
When knell on knell,
A passing bell
Swings solemn o'er the foam.
And oh, a thrill
Of presage chill
Across my heart has come.

A sudden light!
"Who knocks to-night?"
They knew and let me in,
And there was laid
My loving maid,
The shroud unto her chin;
Yet oh, upon
Her cheek so wan
The smile that Heaven did win.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

Interesting as the football season has been, we are only on the threshold of the Palace of Excitement. On Saturday next will commence the competition for the Association Challenge Cup. The League may be a truer gauge to the abilities of clubs, but it lacks the fascination so characteristic of Cup ties. A League match may yield an extraordinary result, but that means little, for there are so many opportunities afforded for reinstatement. But clubs cannot afford to make a single mistake in the tournament for the Cup, for it is a case of once beaten and all chance gone.

That really unnecessary trial, the qualifying stage, is now negotiated, and the clubs which have survived are, generally speaking, those which had been regarded as the strongest. So far as the South is concerned, one would have been better pleased to see Woolwich Arsenal, as well as Millwall Athletic, among the teams to figure in the competition proper; but, with both in the same division, geographically placed, the thing was impossible. There is not much between the pair, and the Arsenal are now very little inferior to what they were last season, when they were actually exempt.

The task now set Millwall Athletic is not nearly so stiff as at first blush it appears. The Wolverhampton Wanderers are the runners-up for the Cup, but that speaks little. As a matter of fact, the Midlands are making a distressing show in the League, and, with a team scarcely reconcilable with that which did duty last season, appear quite moderate. Millwall enjoy the luxury of advantage of ground, no mean consideration to a Southern club, and I rather fancy that they will prove successful.

The situation is almost identical in the case of Luton Town *v.* West Bromwich Albion. The Albion are this season almost as weak as the Wolverhampton Wanderers, but it must not be forgotten that they have been without their champion, Bassett, on many occasions. Another Southern club, Southampton St. Mary's, who last season fell to the ultimate champions, Sheffield Wednesday, by only two goals to three, have this time a soft job on hand with Hleanor Town, and thus a Southern club at last will get into the second round of the Cup—at least, form points to this result.

Fortune has favoured the holders of the Association Cup in this first round. Not only are their opponents, Notts Forest, somewhat weak, but the Yorkshiremen have secured choice of ground, and so should make no mistake. As a kind of set-off, the United have to go away, and, as their destination is Blackburn, little hope can be held out for the Sheffielders. Still, the Rovers have proved themselves an erratic lot, and their supporters are not over-confident.

The matches between Small Heath and Notts County and Grimsby Town *v.* Bolton Wanderers both promise good sport. In each case the stronger side is the visiting; but I expect the superiority to be established, though the issue is, of course, very dubious. Barnsley St. Peter's have thought so little of their advantage of ground against Derby County that they have "sold their birthright," and so they will play at Derby, where they may expect a decent burial.

The hapless Sunderland team have to go to Burnley, where they must be regarded as the non-favourites. One would have liked to see the once proud Wearsiders accorded a little luck in this their worst season. Manchester City are doomed at Preston, and Newcastle United are bound to be mercilessly thrashed at Perry Bar. Stoke at Glossop, Bury at Stockton, Preston with Manchester, Liverpool with the Burton Swifts, and Everton with Burton Wanderers, should all pull through.

Simultaneously will be begun the competition proper of the Amateur Cup. This is merely a trivial tournament, interesting very few clubs, and it has threatened to collapse altogether. The Cup was carried off in the first year by the Old Carthusians, and in the second by Bishop Auckland. Amateurism as it is understood in the North is a fearful and wonderful thing, and, if for this reason alone, little importance can be attached to the competition.

The Rugbyists are not to be left out in the cold next Saturday. The meeting of Scotland and Wales in Edinburgh will excite folks even in England and Ireland. It seems to me that upon this match the fate of the International Championship of the season will depend. If Wales succeed here, then the tournament will be practically concluded, for it is difficult to expect Ireland to prove successful subsequently in the Principality.

BOXING.

After a very long rest, dating from the competitions of the German Gymnastic Society, we are to be immediately plunged into a world of events. To mention the chief of these, there are the Sydney B.C.'s competitions on Feb. 1, those of the Goldsmiths' Institute and of the 17th North Middlesex V.R.C. School of Arms to-morrow evening, the Columbia B.C.'s novices' competitions on Feb. 6, and the Mincing Lane annuals on Wednesday evening next.

The most eagerly anticipated will be the competitions of the Mincing Lane. These rank with those of the Orion and the German Gymnastic as "preliminaries" for the amateur championships in April. Last season splendid entries were secured, and really good form was shown in the three weights.

ROWING.

Once again the inter-University Boat-race has been fixed so that it will clash with the Association International between England and Scotland.

On this occasion regrets will be keen, because the race must be rowed at about half-past two, whereas the football match will probably take place at half-past three or four, causing the sportsmen delicate discrimination.

It is, of course, yet too early to speak of the chances of success, but I may state that the Hon. Rupert Guinness, the champion amateur sculler of England, who went up to Cambridge presumably to figure in the boat, will not be able to row. Indeed, it is said that Guinness's water days are over, owing to some internal trouble. OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Already it is noticeable that the supply of jumpers cannot meet the demand. As a consequence, the acceptances for many valuable steeplechases and hurdle-races are meagre in the extreme. It is, as I have often hinted before, a thousand pities that owners of moderate flat-racers do not turn their attention to jumping. Sir J. Blundell Maple, I am confident, owns two or three horses that would shine at the jumping game, and I should like to see his colours carried under National Hunt rules. However, I am glad to note that the Prince of Wales has patronised the two Five Thousand Pound events to be decided at Warwick in 1900, and, with his Royal Highness as leader, some of the prominent owners are sure to follow.

Small but select must be the verdict on the Lincoln Handicap entry. The big winners are many and the bad 'uns few. In Bellevin we have a winner of the Prince Edward Handicap, and a horse not far behind Winkfield's Pride, a Cambridgeshire winner which is also entered. Twice victorious in the Jubilee Stakes, Victor Wild is also nominated, but will not be trained by his old caretaker, Hornsby, who has separated from Mr. Tom Worton. At Lordship Farm the no-longer, it is to be feared, people's idol will receive his preparation, under the care of Joseph Cannon. A former winner of the Lincoln Handicap, and record-holder in the matter of weight carried, is to be noted in Clorane, as is to be the most improved handicapper of last season, Quarrel, who will not get thrown in as he was last year. La Sagesse represents a winner of the Derby Cup—and a winner from a smashing field, too. Like Victor Wild, she is being trained in a "new" stable. Most remarkable entry of all is the stud failure, Signorina. Much interest, indeed, will attach to the doings of this brilliant daughter of St. Simon.

A too exalted opinion of our Jockey Club is held in America. Recently in a Yankee paper appeared these words: "There is no such thing as influence. When the Jockey Club has set its finger on a man, he can say, 'Well, I'll go West,' or 'I'll go South.'" No, my cousins, there may be no such thing as influence, but there is prejudice, and of this we have had abundant proof during the last two or three seasons. One jockey is given back his licence, and it is withheld from another. You who think we have such a heaven-sent body may know that one influential member can cause the wishes of all the rest to be overridden. There may be no influence, but there is autocracy—and autocracy of the most severe description. And it is this autocracy that is too wooden to abolish abuses and institute reforms the want of which is admitted by the large majority of our big racing men.

Those meetings that cater for the gallery do the best, and I have often wondered why the Sandown people never allowed 'buses and cabs on to their racecourse. These could stand in line opposite and below the cheap ring, and they would not interfere with anybody's view, while tan could be laid on the track where the conveyances passed over. Again, at Gatwick I think the half-crown entrance people ought to be allowed on the opposite side of the course, where they could see the racing beautifully from the hill, and there could be no objection to allowing coaches to stand opposite the judge's box. At Kempton Park and Hurst Park, where the convenience of carriage-people is studied, they congregate in large numbers.

The weights for some of the Spring Handicaps will be published in a few days, and, when betting opens, it can be taken for granted that the Grand National will be the medium of lively speculation, as a good representative field can be confidently counted on this year. In trying to find the winner of the big steeplechase at Liverpool, I think the first and most important thing to do is to find an animal that is likely to get the country, and it can be taken for granted that those horses which stood up last year will be well supported for the forthcoming race, be their weight what it may. On the other hand, it should be made a note of that Manifesto, who fell last year, was highly fancied; so was Alpheus, who ran out in the race.

I am afraid Lord Suffolk's proposal with regard to establishing new races is not likely to be adopted by the Jockey Club. I have many times adversely criticised National Hunt flat-races because of the in-and-out form shown in this class of race, and it is seldom now that clerks of courses put a flat-race in their jumping programmes. The public will not bet on them, so that even the bookmakers object. Further, since the death of Mr. Abington there is no owner-rider prepared to enter a horse worth five hundred pounds in a fifty-pound selling race and buy him back after winning, thereby benefitting the fund and the owner of the second horse.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

MATTERS OF FASHION.

A big skating contingent looking forward to exchange the indoor delights of Prince's Club or Niagara for a wider area must have been as disappointed with "that vexatious thaw" last week as the fox-hunters were proportionately relieved. Bond Street is indeed, I always think, a perfect sporting barometer at this time of year. Given a frost worth

the name, and there is a rush up to town for shops, theatres, and other minor excitements; but with the turn of the temperature a perfect scamper of sportsmen and women ensues, as was the case within this last few days, for "the hurly-burly is all right, but huntin' is better," as I heard a Leicestershire Nimrod expound to his wife, who wanted him to stay up in town one night longer for a ball. In my inmost soul I could not but agree with the "monster's" justifiable selfishness, feeling with the famous "Goosey," of Belvoir fame, that, after all, a winter day is but too short in the shires when the scent is good and the hounds are in fettle. There is ample diversion also to be had in the game of contrasts on a meet morning for anyone who understands the true "innerdness" of those unwritten laws which dominate women's dress in the hunting-field, absolute simplicity with absolute smartness being a necessary consummation more often aimed at than achieved. To look fit, trim, and sporting with-

out leaning overmuch to horsiness, is the special prerogative of the woman who knows as against the woman who has to learn, one being a very part of the soil and its traditions, the other with reminiscences of her hereditary manufacturing centre, perhaps, and newly bought acres to contend with in her efforts at construing the social Sanscrit. Such newly born Philistines should, above all, learn the lesson of severely plain garments before venturing across country. Black, blue, and brown habits are the conventional and recognised uniform, with the neatest of collars and stocks, such as can be had at Pope and Plante's, of Regent Street, for example, who outfit every other hunting man and woman in Leicestershire. No bangles, no watch-chains, no fripperies, an it please you, dear ladies, if you would recommend yourselves to the sportsman's critical eye, and, above all, no sailor-hats, for this is indeed the unforgivable sin which may be winked at in the Park of a fine morning, but is anathema in hunting centres.

I have had illustrated for you this week a thoroughly serviceable, workmanlike cape, which does excellent service when driving, leaving the hands free, yet wrapping warmly and becomingly around the figure. It is made of a cloth called "Eiderdon," brought out by that well-known Irish tailor, Boyd, of Belfast, who has also a very representative show of smart garments at his Regent Street branch—No. 292. There is another capital all-round cape, made in many-shaded Irish tweeds, having a high storm-collar, narrow, circular yoke, and front-piece laid on in contrasting plain cloth or in Suede kid or leather, as the case may be. It is excessively smart, and, by reason of its excellent cut, gives the wearer that well-groomed air about the shoulders which only a first-rate tailor-garment ever compasses. Far from being alarmingly ruinous, as many of his cloth undoubtedly are, Boyd will undertake one of his many new and exclusive designs in capes from two guineas; and that little brochure, sent out on application from Belfast with accompanying sets of patterns, which is called "The Book of the Ulster," is quite a revelation of attractive yet inexpensive tailor-built clothes.

One of the remaining superstitions besides rice- and slipper-throwing which yet adhere to marrying and giving in marriage is the abnormal quantity of clothes with which brides still surround themselves. In old days, when a silk or brocade gown revolved on the orbit of its proud

wearer for ten, a dozen, yea, twenty seasons, this custom was a rational and commendable one, for then machines were not, and fashions were made to endure. But now, with one style treading on the heels of a second, and the beliefs of March rendered into ancient history by May, the reason of a practically endless trousseau has ceased to exist, so far, at least, as external matters are understood. I have been arguing the ethics of such over-supplies to a bride-elect, who has just had a private view of future fineries for the benefit of a few friends. She will not be convinced of her "foolishness," however, and holds that my readers to a woman would, if put to the vote, subscribe to such an attractive roll-call as hers under answering circumstances. That I will not vouch for, but can nevertheless truly prophesy that not one of the following list will be in the front rank of fashion six months hence, and, as my bride is by no means a woman of fortune, though going a good deal into society, I think some of her velvets and silks might have been put by unmade with more satisfactory results by-and-by; for much is forgiven us by our kind neighbours nowadays, but the wearer of last year's fashions does not appear a deserving subject for social leniency. Meanwhile, among the chiffons of my extravagant little friend I counted twenty-three smart frocks, quite a dozen of which deserve appreciative description—a revised number it seems to me also that might have very sufficiently met the needs of a Line captain's wife in a country town.

To begin with is a dinner-dress of palest green moure velours lavishly trimmed with fine embroideries in silk and small beads in green and gold, finished by a high waistband of green velvet, a bunch of yellow orchids fastening up the drapery of lace around *décolletage* and contrasting daintily with the green. That very modish manner of blue and mauve, which smart women are favouring at the moment, appears in an afternoon-dress of brocade silk, most engagingly rendered with trimmings of mauve and blue mousseline-de-soie, embroidered lawn collar and waistband of pale-blue velvet. A sort of high-necked dinner- or theatre-gown made in lavender moiré velours, with bolero of many-coloured embroidery and cloudy cascades of fine-drawn Limerick lace on bodice and apron, was also delightfully put together. A purple cloth costume (number four) with the new bolero arrangement of stitched pleats back and front was exceedingly smart; it had wide chinchilla collar, with side cravats of ivory Flanders lace to give it an acceptable finishing touch. Then a black cloth frock, elaborately braided with fine gold and black braid, both vest and cuffs of scarlet velvet similarly overlaid, was useful and effective. Turquoise velvet, vividly, beautifully blue, was employed throughout on another evening-gown, having an elaborate design of finely embroidered jet on skirt, and a smaller pattern to match on bodice, the sleeves of which



COAT VERSUS CAPE.

the woman is bent on dazzling the battalion, and if she does not succeed in this laudable if expensive object the fault will certainly not lie with her wardrobe.

Contrasting with less lively seasons in that dear little town of Dresden, I hear of nothing but a procession of vigorous gaieties from some belongings who have taken up their abode there this winter. On the 22nd a much-enjoyed dance was given at the Grand Union Hotel by a number of English girls who have foregathered into a festive society calling itself "The Roses." On the same day an afternoon hockey match on the ice brought all Dresden together, and two skating-parties, organised by a couple of prominent American hostesses, contributed not

a little to the gaiety of many nations herein represented, distractingly coquettish skating-costumes being prepared beforehand for both events. Besides smaller entertainments last week, was the ball given by Prince and Princess John George of Saxony at their palace on the Parkstrasse, which proved a very royal function indeed, and one to which invitations were issued in generous numbers. Princess John George wore a splendid Worth gown of salmon-pink brocade, embroidered with jewels; and Princess Mathilde, in white satin and diamonds, was a notable figure among many other distinguished personages. The Duchess Philip of Württemberg, in a gown of deep-red silk embroidered with rubies and gold thread, also attended the ball. But the crowning function of the month appears to have been a series of magnificent tableaux held in the Exhibition Hall, celebrating scenes from Saxon history, at which the King and Queen were present. Following this performance a ball was given, at which two thousand persons of the Dresden fair and brave were present, who kept it up merrily until cock-crow with that indefatigable Terpsichorean energy which is part of the Teutonic constitution.

Emphasising the cordial relations that exist between the young Duke of Marlborough and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Oliver Belmont, comes the particularly smart hunter Longshot as a New Year's souvenir to Blenheim. The Duke, as all men know, is a sportsman to the hilt, and a judge of horses into the bargain, so that Longshot makes in his own glossy person

a particularly acceptable and appreciated presentation. I saw the young Duchess on opening day at St. Stephen's, not from a far land, but from the Cage, where both by hook and crook a friendly member set me down. Another occupant of the Peeress's Gallery on that day, who allowed herself to be criticised on condition of remaining nameless, wore an indescribably smart black satin frock, the skirt quite plain, with a sort of small mantle arrangement as corsage forming an open vest, close-fitting in front and at sides, with loose Watteau sacque back. Bead lapels of black velvet, embroidered in roses and foliage, were supported by a bewitching capote, also of black, pink, and green. The waistcoat, of white satin under ivory lace, embroidered in black-beaded flowers, fed the eye with its satisfying beauty. A pink satin muff, tricked out with lace and sable, did the rest, the *ensemble*, like its wearer, being eminently alluring and acceptable. When she sees this, may I be forgiven my accordant adjectives, and not enrolled in the category of "professors in indiscretion," according to the most worshipful (and not altogether incorrect) Assistant Public Prosecutor at Charleroi on Jan. 19, anent the modern journalist.



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GREEN CLOTH AND BLACK BRAID.

Those wise persons who have annexed piles of lace remnants during the sale-time have been wise in their generation, as more than ever does that most becoming of all adjuncts find favour with Madame Fashion. Not only are jabots, cravats, boleros, neck-frillings, millinery, and so forth, smothered up in lace, but, as the season advances, it will appear on outdoor as well as indoor frocks profusely. Some of the smart skirts in preparation for visitors to Egypt and the Riviera are now being flounced to the hips with lace over silk; parasols and capes are made *en suite*. It is the daintiest possible fashion when confined to laces and muslins, but in cloth and heavy silks can never seem to me graceful or becoming. An increased demand is noticeable among fashionable women for *real* lace, one rejoices to notice, for not only does this indicate a revived good taste, but, on the practical view, does an immense amount of good to the home cottage-industries, as, for instance, in many parts of Ireland, where lace-making gives sturdy resistance "to the wolf at the door," many families in Limerick, Youghal, Wicklow, Ross, Carrickmacross, and other centres of Celtic industry, being entirely supported by the sale of these filmy fabrics which grow under the deft fingers of the "vanithee," or woman of the house, and her daughters.

In millinery, toques are likely to lead the fashion, until far into the spring, at all events, and flowers of many colours will pervade them on crown, brim, and *cache-peigne*, supported by the favourite osprey, which still wickedly queens it on chapeau and evening coiffure, notwithstanding the outcry of humanitarian faddists and the plaintive pow-wows of Preservative but powerless Societies generally. For woman, as the poets long ago decided, is indeed a cruel creature, and will go in furs and feathers to the end of the chapter.

Following up my prophecy on the decline and fall of the cape, I have this week reproduced a very *chic* version of the new coat, which hails directly from a famous first floor in the Rue de Rivoli. Watteau back, tight-fitting front and sides, are its characteristics, with a sort of smoking-jacket front, the broad lapels being embroidered in a curious but infinitely smart trio of steel jet and silver beads and paillettes. My other illustration is a piquant example of cloth and braid, most seasonable and sensible of all mixtures for walking, skating, and knocking about generally. The skirt, full at the bottom and with many godets, is trimmed with four rows of wide mohair; between each are narrow stitched pleats of the cloth, which latter are continued up the skirt half-way. A blouse corsage, fastening on the left side, is trimmed to match with alternating rows of braid and pleated cloth, epaulettes of the cloth and braid underneath, while loosely draped sleeves—funnel-shaped, as is the latest manner, over wrist—produce, altogether, an effect absolutely agreeable. If it is wished to introduce a little colour, bright and very light green velvet can be used as a neckband, narrow-folded waistband, and to pipe edges of cuffs. Either with black, brown, violet, or blue cloth, this vivid verdant shade is equally becoming and admissible. White cloth in an outdoor garment sounds somewhat chilly at this time of year, with sleet, snow, and biting wind as an accompaniment to its walks, or rather, drives, abroad. But beauty has the right to be eccentric, even incongruous, if she chooses, and so a smart Russian evidently thinks who is now staying with friends in Portman Square. I met her one day last week all-equipped for driving in a long, tight-fitting coat of white cloth, cuffed, collared, and bordered down the front with the real dark sable we rarely meet in this country, a brown velvet toque, trimmed with sable tails and lace and pink roses, a great granny muff of sable paws, and white Suède gloves—the muff and mantle were lined with rose-pink brocade. Such a mixture of the barbaric and *fin-de-siècle* reflected each other in costume, face, and manner as is perhaps only met with among the fair and fascinating by the banks of the Volga.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. J. (Broadway).—Your good opinion is very gratifying, and I am relieved to find that you think us tolerably turned out. Having in view the *nil admirari* attitude natural to women of one nation towards another, your appreciation of our available points is very touching. I admit that we have something to learn in a cycling *ensemble* that shall be above reproach, but the knickerbocker is not yet, nor is its ideal representative forthcoming. Touching cycles, if you want to furbish yours, why not discard the japed lamp for one of those fascinating illuminators in nickel-plate or aluminium, which are to be had for fifteen shillings and seventeen shillings and sixpence respectively? They fit any machine, burn paraffin as a further perfection, and keep alight, I am assuredly old roadsters, in all and any weathers. The aluminium, weighing only six and a-half ounces, is the ideal lamp, and looks so smart. You could get one from the Twentieth Century Lamp Company in Baker Street, No. 21.

GOURMET.—(1) I can tell you of an excellent breakfast-dish, the recipe of which hails from Russia, where *déjeuner* is more a function than among our unpretentious bacon-and-egg and kidney-eating selves. *Saumon à la Ghetto* is, as its name indicates, a Jewish dish, and, eaten cold, is even preferable to hot. Take inch-thick slices of salmon, cover lightly with fine salt, and put aside for half an hour. Afterwards wrap the pieces in a clean dry cloth to soak off all moisture. Dip them first into flour, and, secondly, into well-beaten egg. Lastly, put the slices into salad-oil, which *must* be at boiling-point and in sufficient quantity to cover the fish. When one side is done, carefully turn the other with a fish-slice. Finally, remove and place on a drainer. The salmon is best eaten cold with finely chopped olives and slices of lemon. The colour should be a rich brown and quite dry. (2) You can get sponge-lined saddles from Champion and Wilton, of Oxford Street, in which the disinfectant can be used; but, if possible, I should say, give the mare a rest. Besides the humanity, you will get her well in half the time: These saddles are meanwhile invaluable for the purpose named.

KITTY CAREW (Innishannon).—I should certainly have a second fitting if I were you, more especially as it is a first dress. Personally, I have never tried Vernon, but many of my friends get their frocks from him, which always appear most creditably turned out. If you decide to stay in town for a few days, I cannot recommend a better place than the Hans Crescent Hotel, which is the perfection of comfort and prettiness. It is just off Sloane Street, which will be conveniently near to Vernon, and you could at the same time interview agents in the neighbourhood with regard to a furnished house. If you are tired of your sealskin jacket, Jay's would turn it into a cape. I have seen one that has been recently "transposed" by them in this manner, and a big chinchilla collar added. It looked extremely handsome. At the same time, you know, fashion is veering round to coats again.

VANITY (Madras).—It is certainly awkward, and I hope you will not be reduced to the dreaded wig. But new-comers often find their hair is affected by the climate at first. Have you tried Edwards' "Harlene"? This is a liquid that will make hair grow on an asphalt pavement, and your scalp can scarcely be less responsive. You should be able to get it at any chemist's, it is so well known, or, failing that, they would send home for it, no doubt; but I feel sure it is to be had in Bombay. For the fancy-dress try "Tobacco-Jar," making the costume, of printed blue and white silk, to resemble a china pattern, and tie around neck, waist, shoulders, and knees a fringe of chercoots. It is a simple boy's dress, and easily made.

SYBIL.

Appropriately with the reopening of Parliament come the usual volumes dealing with the august body at Westminster. Of these the most important is "Debrett's House of Commons." Then there is the aged-but virile Dod (Whittaker), without which the newspaper man's life would be incomplete. Lastly, there is "Walford's Shilling House of Commons" (Chatto and Windus), which is concise and to the point.

The care displayed by Mr. Sell in compiling his "Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses" may be gauged from the fact that a special staff is engaged to keep daily note of all alterations, corrections, and additions for the supplements which are issued at least three times in the year. There are the various articles on British trade and foreign competition.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Feb. 10.

INVESTMENT STOCKS.

We hardly know whether anything except the debenture stocks of the very best Foreign Rails can be considered under this head, but as these observations are merely intended for the investor who seeks a reasonable interest for his money, and wishes to avoid securities which fluctuate much in value, we shall confine our remarks to the highest class of Foreign Railway securities, in which the interest appears to be amply secured. Personally, we see little attraction in the majority of the stocks which fall within the category we have mentioned, for, although debentures such as Antofagasta and Bolivia Four per Cents, or Buenos Ayres Great Southern Four per Cents, or San Paulo Five per Cents, are all certain interest-payers, the yield is under 4 per cent. at the current price, and there are many securities we should prefer to hold from which a better return can be obtained.

As a matter of fact, the attractive investments among Foreign Rails are rather in that class of security which promises to increase in value, and *may*, meanwhile, yield high interest. The whole class is suited rather to the investor who can afford to run some risks, and hopes, by buying cheap, to increase his capital, than to the person who requires steady interest. Such stocks as Buenos Ayres and Ensenada Port Cumulative Five per Cent. Preference stock, Buenos Ayres Western Limited ordinary shares, Central Uruguay Northern Extension Five per Cent. debentures, and many more will, with reasonable certainty, yield from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent., subject, of course, to the ordinary dangers to which all property in South American Republics is liable.

Among the direct obligations of Foreign States, or, as we more commonly call them, Foreign bonds, the investor can suit himself with anything from about 3 per cent. to 7 per cent., depending on the reputed credit of the various Governments whose obligations are offered for sale. Among the European States the credit of Bulgaria alone is bad enough to yield 6 per cent. or over, while the bonds of countries like Denmark, Sweden, or Prussia yield something between 3 and $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. For people who want a certain 4 per cent., the Turkish Defence Loan, secured upon the Egyptian Tribute, or Egyptian State Domain Four and a-Quarter Loan, appear quite safe, while for the more adventurous any of the Chinese loans, or Mexicans of 1888 or of 1893, should prove fairly secure investments, while, as a conversion of the Mexican debt is in the air, it is probable that its securities will materially benefit in price if locked up for a few months. Uruguay is, for the moment, out of favour, upon political complications, but for a security yielding $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. the bonds strike us as not unduly risky.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

The coming Lady Hampton settlement has unsettled the market, as it is known that several dealers will have large sums to find—already one startling announcement has been made—and the practical certainty of money being required for further working capital, in the case of some, at least, of the offspring of the West Australian Goldfields, to wit, Mount Margaret, Reward, Mount Jackson, and, probably, Florence, has had a depressing effect.

In our issue of Jan. 6, we included among the admitted failures Brookman's Boulder, but, as we understand the directors by no means admit anything of the kind, we feel bound to confess that we were wrong in so classing this mine. Our information is unfavourable, but, of course, this is a different thing from an admission of failure by the persons in power.

Our West Australian correspondent, who is now in New Zealand, hopes shortly to send us a series of letters as to the mining prospects of that colony, and meanwhile he writes a *very private* letter, warning us against the great bulk of the Westralian ventures dealt in upon this market. Corsair Consolidated he assures us is a rank "duffer," and the whole of the Associated leases, except the Australias, he tells us, are developing very badly, while of the Hannan's Proprietary leases he has a very poor opinion. It is right we should further tell our readers that our correspondent's views upon Burbank's Birthday Gift are distinctly unfavourable, and that he assures us the information upon which we have relied is not correct. Our readers must act as they think best; we have not seen the mine ourselves, and although the gentleman who originally gave us the information upon which many readers have made good profits, still holds a most favourable opinion of the future of the mine, we should not be doing our duty if we did not tell them that our correspondent who has seen it, takes the opposite view.

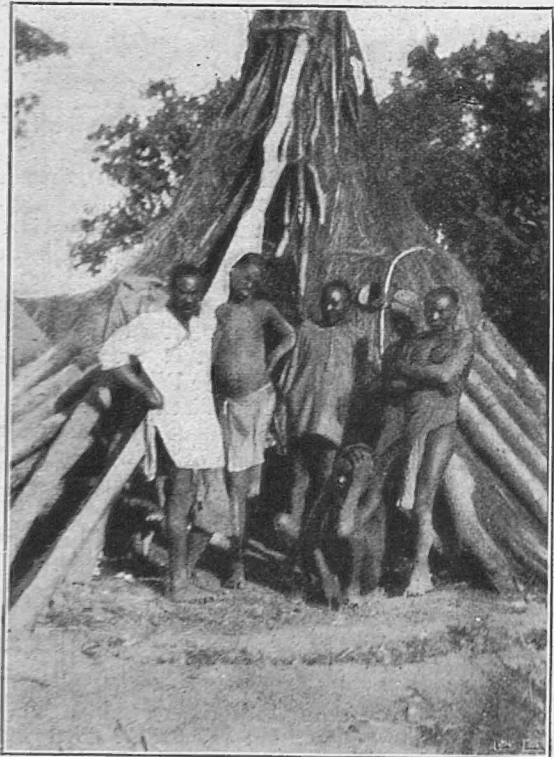
It is said that Hannan's Gold Estates, to which we referred under "New Issues" last week, got £17,000 or thereabouts from the public out of its huge capital; but as 100,000 shares were underwritten, we suppose the guarantors will have to take the balance. In these cases it is quite impossible to get at the exact figures, unless the promoters choose to tell; but current gossip in the market generally approximates towards the truth, so we do not doubt that, within limits, the figure we have given is about correct. The result cannot be considered encouraging to new mining ventures.

We should very much like to know the actual position as regards Hannan's Star. Its chance of success lay in the prospect of striking the Great Boulder Reef, and in finding that reef rich at the point where it was found. It has been struck on the Hannan's Star property, but it is not very rich at that particular point. Opinions differ as to whether the place for sinking the shaft was judiciously selected, and we understand

there has been a change of management. Whatever may be the outcome of the matter, this is but another instance of what cannot be too persistently rubbed into the public mind—that the geological formation of the gold-bearing ground in Westralia is erratic. A company formed in perfect *bona-fides* may turn out unsatisfactorily, and its shareholders lose their money. Another, which had no reason for its existence except the greed of promoters, may turn out a magnificent success. This consideration is what makes the Westralian Market so singularly unsatisfactory. Chaffers, for instance, adjoins the Great Boulder and the Great Boulder Main Reef, and yet is now admitted to be valueless by Mr. Mactear, its own consulting engineer. The development companies have to finance their subsidiary undertakings, and, consequently, the knowledge, or even the rumour, that an individual mining company is hard-up affects not only the shares of that particular company, but also those of the parent company which was concerned in placing the mining company's shares on the market. Under existing conditions there is no doubt that an important factor in the situation is the extent to which parent companies are financing their offspring. And this is a matter which ought not to be overlooked either by Westralian mining shareholders or by the shareholders of companies which may be called upon for assistance towards prolonging the lives of their babies.

RHODESIA.

In the African Market things have been very quiet, despite the telegrams which Messrs. Barnato, Robinson, and the rest of the millionaires have been sending over about concessions obtained from



ZAMBESI BOYS, THE MINERS OF RHODESIA.

President Krüger and the like. Everybody is waiting to see what will come of the House of Commons Committee and the inquiry which its own dignity alone prevents the Government from abandoning. There is nothing to inquire into, for we all know how the raid fiasco came about, what part Mr. Rhodes took in it, and what proportion of blame attaches to the principal actors in the very foolish drama. The Government, however, is committed to a further inquiry, and as it can't, without a hopeless loss of prestige, get out of the business, the stock markets must be upset, Parliamentary counsel get rich, and the whole farce be played out.

We are glad to hear that the victims of the Abercorn Reefs are combining to resist the payment of calls. This concern is one of those bucket-shop affairs which were foisted on the public by means of subsidised newspaper puffs published in various gutter-rags, Sunday papers, and provincial disgraces to journalism. We have often exposed the way the trick is worked, and warned people against it, and we advise any unfortunate reader who may be attached for calls to communicate with us.

MONEY MARKET.

The reduction of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the Bank of England rate on Thursday last came as a surprise to the market, as it was confidently expected by well-informed people that the rate would have been reduced to 3 per cent. Those in authority, however, had, doubtless, good reason for taking this intermediate step. The movement did not make any appreciable difference in the number of bills coming forward for discount, and had little effect on the Stock Exchange. The Bank Return shows that the public deposits are £1,449,000 higher, notwithstanding a decrease due to further repayments of deficiency advances of £700,000 in the Government

securities. Private deposits are a million lower owing to the usual requirements at this time of year. The increase of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in the percentage rates of reserve to liabilities, from $50\frac{1}{2}$ to $52\frac{1}{2}$, fully accounts for the necessity of a reduction in the Bank Rate. The prospects of cheap money depend far more on the smallness of the demand than the largeness of the supply.

SINGER CYCLES.

A considerable amount of buying has been taking place in these shares during the past week. We had occasion to comment not unfavourably on these shares when they were first introduced to the market, and we hear on very good authority that the company has far and away exceeded the anticipations originally held out by the prospectus. A dividend for three months at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum was distributed in November, and we have good reasons for believing that another substantial amount will be divided among shareholders in the course of the next few months. On the strength of such favourable prospects, it is not surprising that a considerable amount of activity has been infused into the market for these shares, resulting in a corresponding upward movement in the price, which is now round about par.

AN EPIDEMIC OF HOTELS.

For our sins we have been visited during the past week or so with a perfect epidemic of hotel companies. Why should it be thus? Is running a hotel going to take the place in public favour until now occupied by the fashion of running a bicycle? One week has produced no less than four companies of the kind. One is the Elysée Palace Hotel Company, brought out under the strong auspices of the Wagon-lits Company, the board consisting of three directors of this concern, with the addition of Sir John Blundell Maple, M.P., whose firm is also going to undertake the furnishing and decorating of the building to be erected in the Avenue des Champs Elysées. Paris is in need of a hotel "combining English comforts, an extensive system of bath-rooms and perfect sanitation, with appointments and management thoroughly up to date"; and we expect the hotel will do well, though it will take some time to build.

Among the inducements held out in the prospectus is the fact that "The Compagnie Internationale des Grands Hôtels, which is closely allied with the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-lits et des Grands Express Européens, will be largely interested in this company. The following well-known hotels have been organised by one or the other of these companies." Then follows a list of the well-known hotels in question, and we have no doubt the Elysée Palace will in time become as much a household word as these. Immediately on the heels of this new Elysian company comes a debenture issue by a company called the Egyptian Hotels, Limited, owning three of the well-known hotels. The debenture issue seems to be fairly well secured, but the ordinary shareholders do not appear to have very much available for distribution among them. There is a certain amount of abstract satisfaction in being the part-owners of a well-known hotel; but in both the prospectuses referred to we should have welcomed a little more explicit information as to how the ordinary shareholders fared in the hotels organised by the Continental companies with the very long names, which we need not repeat after having set them out once.

De Keyser's Royal Hotel is another property that has been put on the market in joint-stock form. It may be a great bargain, and we trust it will prove so to the public; but the recent development of hotel enterprise on the Embankment and its neighbourhood does not suggest to us the prospect of increasing profits in that particular line of business.

The fourth company in this category which has turned up during the week as an applicant for capital is the St. Clement Danes Hotel Company, Limited, at the corner of Norfolk Street and the Strand. It is headed with a very fine picture, conveying the impression that it would be an eighteenpenny cab-fare from one end of the hotel front to the other. But let us not be too hypercritical, for does not the *Globe*, in its issue of Jan. 5, class among "A Year's Improvements in London" what it describes as "the handsome stone building at the corner of Norfolk Street, Strand"? This testimonial is blazoned on the prospectus alongside the picture, and balanced by a quotation from the *Daily Telegraph* to the effect that, if the Strand were widened, it would be a splendid and sufficient thoroughfare between the City and the West-End. What more can the investor want? But "if," though it consists of only two letters, is a big word.

THE BOURSES.

On the Continent attention is practically concentrated on three specialties—Turkish stocks, Brazilian bonds, and Copper shares. Mines are left in the background, with the exception of De Beers. These are being taken in hand, and, so far as one can judge at the time of writing, by people who are likely to give practical effect to the faith that is in them. A remarkable feature of the International Market has been the strength of Turkish Group II. It has suddenly occurred to certain people that this security will soon occupy a much better position than is at present realised, owing to the operation of the Sinking Fund in extinguishing Group I. But, all the same, we should not advise a purchase in any group of these bonds except as a speculation pure and simple. If that condition be understood, the facts as to the position of the security seem to point to an improvement in price if the political questions pending are settled.

THE LAW DEBENTURE CORPORATION.

The meeting of this company, which was held on Friday last, passed off very successfully, as, indeed, it was bound to do, with such a balance-sheet as the directors had to present. We refer to the matter because the speech delivered by Mr. Stanley Boulter has an interest far wider than usual in such cases, and deserves to be read by all investors quite apart from the Law Debenture shareholders. We have long known that the ordinary debenture-holder is looked upon as a pawn to be pushed about for the benefit of certain accountants, solicitors, and others, who live on reconstruction schemes and suchlike devices, and we congratulate Mr. Boulter on having the courage to speak out. The importance of the subject will, perhaps, excuse the following long extract from Mr. Boulter's speech—

The schemes of reconstruction which daily make their appearance in the City, and against which, when I am able, I make my humble protest, are one and all brought about to despoil the debenture-holder, who always goes to the wall, and to benefit the shareholders, who are always represented by the boards of directors, and too often assisted by the silence of the trustees. Only a short time ago I was interested in the affairs of a company where a scheme of reconstruction was passed which, in my opinion, unduly benefited the shareholders at the expense of the debenture-holders. The trustees for the debenture-holders did nothing to protect the debenture-holders. It may be they thought the scheme was a good one, but it is evident that their interests and duty were in conflict, for they were the holders of a great proportion of the shares of the company which was being reconstructed, and, in my opinion, have been too favourably treated. Only last week I attended a meeting of the representatives of some of the trust companies to organise a resistance to an attempt, which for its boldness surpasses anything in my experience, to coolly cut down the rate of interest of the debentures of a foreign railway from 6 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., although the railway is earning more than sufficient to pay the full 6 per cent. on the debentures. I hope the attempt will be defeated, but it will not be by reason of the efforts of the trustees, who are entirely passive, but because, luckily, one or two trust companies are determined to stop such injustice to the debenture-holders. If it were not so, I have no doubt that the scheme would be forced through. There is no power whatever to reduce the rate of interest, but the usual pernicious scheme of reconstruction is brought into play, and, as usual, entirely for the advantage of the shareholders of the undertaking. We in this country sometimes complain, and with good reason, of the iniquity of railroad reconstructions in the United States. Are we certain that it is not possible a little nearer home to find such attempts to interfere with debenture-holders' rights as require strong and independent trustees to frustrate them?

NEW ISSUES.

The Egyptian Hotels, Limited, asks the public to subscribe for £230,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. first mortgage debentures at par. The issue seems well secured, and if ever a concern was directed by the right sort of people we should say this venture was in that fortunate position. It is true the interest offered is modest, but that is merely an unfortunate feature of the times in which we live. For persons desiring a steady income, with some chance of small capital improvement, we should say that these debentures were by no means a bad investment.

The Mount Catherine Gold-Mining Company, Limited.—To be avoided.

J. Lyons and Co., Limited, are trying to get subscriptions for £110,000 $4\frac{1}{2}$ debentures at 105. We strongly urge our readers not to touch this issue.

Jubal Webb, Limited.—To be avoided.

Saturday, Jan. 23, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

LEATHER.—Although you did not comply with Rule 5, we have sent you the information you asked for.

ANCIENT DRUID.—The concern is rather young to give a decided opinion upon. We have mislaid the prospectus, but, speaking from memory, we are not in love with it. Send us the prospectus, and we will look into it again.

S. B.—We are not in love with it.

R. W.—We never give the names of correspondents from whom we obtain information; but in this case the statement was made upon the strength of what we were told by a director of an Australasian Finance Company, whom we knew to be on intimate terms with some members of the company's board; we therefore accepted what we were told. You will see that we refer to the subject in this week's "Notes."

T. E.—As an investment, we see no reason to think the shares of the Gas Company anything but first-rate. Personally, we should sell and re-invest in Imperial Continental; but it is a matter of opinion.

F. C. P.—(1, 2, 3) There should be no question of financial difficulties with White Feather Reward, which is sound enough; but both Mount Margaret and Florence are talked about as wanting more capital. We believe the former to be a good mine, but are not quite so sure of the latter. (4) Some of the people connected with this are said to be hard hit, and it is probable they may have had to sell, hence the present low price. (5) We see no reason to think that the Lady Hampton settlement can affect the value of Hampton Plains, but it may upset the whole Kangaroo Market. (6) You can get a splendid price for these shares now. Why do you not take it? If people won't take profits when they can get them, they are sure to regret it. You really should learn to let some other poor person have a bit. (7) See this week's "Notes." (8) Nothing of value has been found on this company's property till now. We should sell. The working capital was £75,000, but we don't know how much has been spent.

SAXONIA.—(1) We would rather be excused, as all the low-priced ones are rubbish. (2) We should hold the railway shares, as the company is slowly improving, and, at present price, it would be folly to sell. The first debentures are a fair speculative investment, and yield £5 15s. per cent.

SAFE.—Don't deal with the touts whose circular you send us. They are swindlers of the worst type.

H. F. C.—(1) The insurance company is quite safe. (2) The bank is a money-lending, bill-of-sale sort of affair. We strongly urge you not to place your money on deposit with it.

H. C. H.—Probably Messrs. Nathan Keizer and Co., of 1, Cowper's Court, E.C., could get the lottery tickets for you.

AUSTRALASIA.—See answer to R. W.

KAFFIR.—(1) Don't buy anything at this moment. (2) We don't believe there is a payable reef in Rhodesia.

J. A.—We are sorry we have not the information you require.